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### REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE negotiations for assembling a European Congress have been crowned with a certain amount of success. By rendering the basis of deliberation as wide or as vague as possible, the neutral Powers have induced Prussia, Austria, and Italy to submit their claims to a meeting of diplomatists in Paris. It is, however, understood that negotiation is to be the only means employed to bring about a peaceful result. If Austria can be argued out of Venetia, and Prussia can be persuaded to take a more moderate view of her rights in Slesvig-Holstein, all will be well; but if, on the contrary, these States shall remain as insensible to reason as they have hitherto proved, then the mediating Powers will allow the war to take its course. We have no disposition to take a desponding view of a Congress conducted under such conditions, but we must confess our inability to discover any definite ground for hope. If, indeed, the Venetian question could be put aside, some arrangement might be arrived at, because the recent peace demonstrations in Prussia must have convinced the King, even if they have produced no impression on Count von Bismarck, that he has entered on a course full of difficulty and embarrassment. But there are, as yet, no indications of willingness on the part of Austria to surrender Venetia without obtaining a territorial compensation, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover the means of giving. Various schemes having that object are indeed freely propounded in the continental newspapers, but they are all open to very obvious objections, nor can we discover that any of them have any better foundation than the inventions of imaginative journalists. The key, if key there be, to the solution of the problem has yet to be found; and while our best wishes go with the eminent statesmen who will, in the course of a few days, assemble round a green table in Paris, we shall witness the success of their efforts with considerable surprise. One thing is tolerably certain, that the opportunity for military preparation afforded by the negotiations will be taken full advantage of by each of the belligerent States. On all sides we hear of additional levies, of the mobilization of fresh forces, and of stringent financial measures. It is evident that increased readiness for war will not tend to produce a conciliatory tone of policy, while it will constantly offer temptations which may prove irresistible to a precipitate commencement of war. Much, no doubt, depends upon the good faith of the Emperor Napoleon. He has the power to exert an almost irresistible influence in favour of peace; but in spite of the protestations of the French official journals, his policy does not seem to have inspired much confidence even amongst his own subjects, while others regard it with undisguised suspicion. There is, however, little temptation

to speculate just now on so dark and difficult a subject. Whatever else the Congress may do, it will enlighten us; and it will be the safest course to await its meeting without making any attempt to guess at intentions the knowledge of which is probably confined to the single person by whom they are formed. We may, however, be permitted in the meantime to express a hope that our own Government will keep itself and us clear from all entangling engagements; and that, while freely and honourably using its best exertions in favour of peace, it will take no steps which may involve a formal or even a moral responsibility to intervene in case of war.

The House of Commons is at last fairly embarked upon the discussion of the Reform Bill as a whole; the motion made by Mr. Bouverie for combining the two parts of the Government measure having been agreed to without opposition. In the eyes of the Tories, who have suddenly been seized with a tremendous horror of corruption, it is indeed still incomplete, as they carried on Monday evening an instruction to the committee to receive clauses for the suppression of bribery. Obvious as was the motive of this motion it obtained the support of a considerable number of Liberals, who profess to be in favour of reform. As it is impossible to suppose that any one can believe it practicable to legislate on every branch of this most complicated and difficult subject in a single session, we can only see in this a sign that the "Adullamites" are not the only gentlemen sitting on the ministerial benches who secretly dislike reform, and are determined to get rid of it by any means in their power. Such men do not directly negative the bill or any of its important provisions, because they fear the constituents who sent them to Parliament to support a liberal extension of the franchise. But they feel themselves safe in overloading the bill, so as to make a break-down almost inevitable, under cover of a professedly ardent desire to secure purity of election. No doubt, tactics of this sort are very clever, but equal praise cannot be given to their honesty. Very much the same thing may be said of the warm support which was given by the Conservatives to Mr. Clay's bill for the establishment of an educational franchise. We have ourselves on more than one occasion expressed an opinion in favour of some such scheme, and we should be very glad to think that the Opposition were converts to its principle. But it is impossible to entertain any such notion when we observe the contradictory grounds on which they professed to approve the bill, and the care with which some of them at any rate explained that they meant to restrict its operation in practice. The truth is, that it offered a chance of placing the Government in a minority, and of thus adding to the other embarrassments under which they are labouring. That is enough for the

followers of Mr. Disraeli, whose policy it is to avoid initiating any direct attack on the Reform Bill, but to make use of any and every motion brought forward by nominal Liberals, in order to trip it up or obstruct its progress. They have certainly no difficulty in finding such motions, for after having escaped the resolution of one Whig, Earl Grosvenor, the bill is now threatened with destruction by Captain Hayter, another Whig. In the first instance, the ground of attack was the non-production of any plan for the redistribution of seats; in the second, it is the defects of the system of grouping which the Government have adopted. It is, we fear, only too certain that the measure is in considerable jeopardy. The defection of the Liberal members representing small boroughs is said to be sufficiently great to secure the passage of the resolution, and in that case the Government must of course either resign or dissolve Parliament. We trust they will take the latter course. It is true that the present House of Commons has only been in existence a year; but when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which it was elected, that fact should not be counted for much. The country did not then declare itself definitely for or against reform. The issue submitted to them was confidence in Lord Palmerston rather than anything else; and that being the case Her Majesty's Ministers would, it seems to us, be amply justified in asking for a distinct expression of opinion on the question now under consideration.

Both Houses of Parliament have during the week discussed at some length the increase of corruption in the election of members of the legislature, and the best mode of putting an end to it. No satisfactory result has, however, been arrived at. Various suggestions were made for increased stringency of legislation, but most of them were objectionable in themselves, or were certain to be practically inoperative. As was well observed by more than one speaker in the course of the debates, the great difficulty is the want of any real moral sense in the community on the subject of bribery. We have no doubt that many members, both of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, are sincerely impressed with a sense of its evils and dangers. But even such men never think of cutting an acquaintance because he has been guilty of it. A man who is known to have debauched half-a-dozen boroughs is regarded rather perhaps with favour than with aversion in the circle in which he habitually moves; and it is equally a fact that the ten-pound householder who has yielded to the seductions of the "Man in the Moon," loses no caste amongst his fellows on that account. While this continues to be so, we are not sanguine as to the efficacy of legislation. It is of little use subjecting men to penalties for things which jurors do not feel to be crimes, because in that case you only fail to obtain verdicts, and thus tend to bring the administration of the law into contempt. Some good effect might indeed be produced if the House of Commons were to disfranchise rigorously every borough in which systematic corruption is proved to prevail. But when we consider the amount of influence which is always brought to bear in favour of such a borough—how strenuous are its friends, how lukewarm are those who seek to punish its delinquencies—we have little expectation that many places will share the fate of Sudbury and St. Albans.

We observe, with a great deal of satisfaction, that Turkey has decided upon foregoing her proposed intervention in the Principalities, and has left the consideration of her right to the Conference now sitting. That is one element of danger the less. If either a Russian or a Turkish army were to enter these provinces at the present time, it would be impossible to forecast the probable consequences. Such a measure could not fail to add seriously to the dangers which threaten the peace of Europe. We trust the Conference will end by acknowledging Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as the Hospodar, although the assembled diplomats are understood to be at present disinclined to do so. There is really no substantial reason why these provinces should be ruled by a native rather than by a foreigner, but it is difficult to see why their wishes should be set at nought for fear of some eventual and problematical injury to the suzerainty of the Porte. So far as we can see, the only Power interested in maintaining such suzerainty is Russia, which still regards herself as the destined heir of the "Sick Man." But the interest of the rest of Europe would be materially served by the creation, on the lower Danube, of an independent state, which may serve as the nucleus of a powerful kingdom when the long deferred but inevitable break-up of the Turkish empire arrives.

The latest news of the Fenians is at least amusing. So far from being successful in uniting the O'Mahony and Roberts sections of the organization, Stephens has himself fallen under the ban of the latter. General Sweeny has launched against him the most terrible of anathemas—solemnly excommunicating and casting him out as a British spy; and, although the imputation is absurd, we have no doubt that it will find credence amongst the people to whom it is mainly addressed. Irish conspirators have had so much experience of the treachery of their leaders that they have a natural tendency to doubt their fidelity whenever it is boldly impugned. The chances of Mr. Stephens resuscitating the movement are still further diminished by the light which has been recently thrown on the former dishonesty of its leaders. It seems that funds to the amount of £40,000 have been squandered somehow or other; and that the only thing certain about the expenditure is that not more than £3,000 to £4,000 of it has reached Ireland either in the shape of hard cash or of arms. The "President" has lived at the rate of £1,400 a year, and there is a deficit of 50,000 dollars, of which no account can be given. The contents of the treasury are now reduced to a roll of greenbacks, worth about £90; and the whole thing stands plainly revealed as an ingenious and successful swindle on the part of a set of needy adventurers. Fenianism may be considered at an end; but we are not sanguine enough to anticipate that it will have no successor. The hatred which the Irish in the United States bear to England offers far too good a basis for schemes like that which has just exploded to be long left without a channel through which it may find vent; and may, at the same time, pour a stream of dollars into the pockets of some patriotic recipients. But there is no fear that the native Americans will again be deluded by impostors like O'Mahony and Sweeny. They will recognise any future conspiracies of the kind for what they really are—schemes for raising the wind; and, that being so, we shall on this side of the Atlantic be able to treat their ridiculous plots with the contempt they merit. The only hope they ever possessed lay in the chance of their promoting a rupture between England and the United States, by leading the Government of the latter State to think they might find a useful ally in a "great Irish Republic."

#### THE CONGRESS.

WITHIN a few days from the present time the Foreign Ministers of the principal European States will assemble in Paris, to discuss the momentous issue of peace or war. We should be glad to believe that their labours are likely to be attended with any useful result, but we are unable to see our way to a confidence which is said to be expressed by the Emperor Napoleon, but is certainly felt by no one else. If, indeed, we were assured that his Imperial Majesty's words expressed his real convictions, our opinions would be materially modified. He has not only the best means of knowing what is likely to happen, but he has the power to bring about almost any result he wishes. Unfortunately, our faith in the oracular utterances which come from the Tuilleries is largely diminished by an experience which we cannot forget or overlook. The most peaceful professions emanating from the same quarter have been heretofore found only the prelude to war; and, with every desire to avoid anything like unreasonable scepticism, we cannot help regarding the reported expressions of the Emperor and the language of his semi-official press with considerable suspicion. There is no doubt that his Majesty has been long desirous to procure the meeting of a European Congress, before which he could ventilate those plans of territorial re-arrangement which he is much belied if he does not entertain. It is scarcely likely that when he has made a considerable step towards the accomplishment of his object, that he will throw cold water on the whole scheme by hinting any misgiving as to its peacemaking efficiency. Whatever else it may do, it will afford him the means of feeling the pulse of the great Powers, and of ascertaining how far it is practicable to attempt the realization of some portion of his ultimate designs. A Congress is a field in which an astute and ambitious prince, who keeps his own interest in view and has ample power at his back, can always work to advantage, and we are therefore by no means surprised that Louis Napoleon should regard this meeting of the diplomats of Europe with genuine complacency and with ostensible hope. We should, indeed, entertain more distrust of his policy than we do if it was not for the strength of the peace

feeling which has lately made itself manifest in France. The French, in becoming a commercial, a manufacturing, and a stock-jobbing, are also becoming a peaceful, people, and the Emperor is no doubt by this time fully aware of the limitation which that fact imposes upon his pursuit of an aggressive policy. A similar influence is also at work in Prussia, and it has, no doubt, materially impeded the execution of those trenchant measures to which M. von Bismarck would have resorted if he had not been hampered by the King's vacillation—a vacillation partly produced by reluctance to plunge Germany into civil strife, but also due in great measure to the obvious disinclination of his subjects to endure the dangers and losses of war. This disposition on the part of the French and Prussian people is unquestionably an important fact and one which will not be without influence. Still we must not over-estimate its weight. There is no reason whatever to believe that either of the Powers mainly interested is yet prepared to give way; and the terms on which they have, one and all, accepted the Conference, show how sullenly and reluctantly they have consented to negotiate. Italy protests beforehand that she can accept nothing less than the cession of Venetia. The Austrian programme for the Conference will, on the other hand, embody these principal points—the categorical refusal of all propositions relating to the cession of Venetia, the solution of the Slesvig-Holstein question by the estates of those Duchies, and the denial of any competence on the part of the Conference to discuss proposals for a reform of the Federal Constitution. On the last point Prussia will be in accord with her rival, and under these circumstances we imagine that the topic of Federal reform will be quietly passed over. France is the only neutral power which can have any material objection to Germany reorganizing herself in her own way, and if she is unsupported by England and Russia in pressing this subject on the attention of Congress, she will hardly do so in the teeth of the two main German Powers, and of the Bund itself. But although Austria and Prussia may be so far in accord, they are, as we all know, diametrically opposed on the Slesvig-Holstein question; and unless some method of compromise can be found here, the difference must compel Prussia to take the side of Italy in reference to Venetia. From whichever side, indeed, we attack the problem before us, we come back in the end to this point:—the occupation of Venetia by Austria is the insuperable obstacle to accommodation. If that were once at an end, Austria would be able to present such a front in Germany, that Prussia would never venture to oppose the reference of the Slesvig-Holstein question to the decision of the Diet. After acquiescing in the conquest of those Duchies in the name of the Bund, no foreign Power could well deny the right of that body to deal with them as it pleased, and the whole question at issue would become one of purely German concern, with which German statesmen and politicians might safely be left to occupy themselves.

It is clear, therefore, that if the Conference—as a purely negotiating body—is to lead to anything, the fate of Venetia must be first disposed of. We hear, however, on apparently good authority, that this is not to be done. The diplomatists are first to seek a solution of the Slesvig-Holstein difficulty, and not until then are to take Italy in hand. Such a course of proceeding appears to us to be absolutely fatal to the prospect of any useful result, because, of course, Prussia will not give way so long as there is the chance of obtaining the Southern kingdom as an ally. The assembled diplomatists may, however, change the programme, when they find themselves brought to a dead lock; and, allowing Slesvig-Holstein to stand over, may occupy themselves with the other branch of the dilemma. Suppose they do this, they will no doubt proceed to consider some of the many plans for territorial compensation which are now floating about. According to the latest of them, Austria is to have Bosnia and the Herzegovina in exchange for Venice; while Prussia is to have the Elbe Duchies, but is to resign the Rhine provinces, which are either to form an independent German State, or are to go to Belgium in exchange for certain cessions of territory to France. There is no doubt, at first sight, some plausibility in this scheme, which we notice principally on that account. But when it is looked at carefully, the difficulties of carrying it out through the medium of a Congress are, we think, insuperable. Although the Emperor Napoleon is said to regard Turkey as a sort of fund which may be drawn upon for the settlement of accounts between the other European Powers, that view is not likely to find favour with Turkey or with England and Russia. The first of these Powers will not voluntarily surrender its territory; and the two latter have no reason, that we can perceive, to connive at a piece of pure

spoliation. Then we have great doubt whether any King of Prussia would part with the Rhine Provinces, because, although they contribute little to the strength of the kingdom, they are its most beautiful, fertile, and famous portion, and they bring it into contact with the Western Powers. But even this difficulty would be nothing to those arising out of any alteration in the constitution of Belgium, which would certainly not willingly consent to dismemberment. If any plan of this kind is to be carried out, it will assuredly not be by the Congress—nor will it be done by peaceable negociation. But it is by no means certain that the deliberations of that body may not afford the Emperor Napoleon an opportunity of coming to such an understanding with other Powers as may enable him to execute some scheme of territorial redistribution on a larger or smaller scale. A recent article in the *Patrie* rather foreshadows such a result. "If," says the semi-official journal, "the necessity of a great demonstration in favour of the cause that is most just should appear, France could still, by its influence, prevent an European collision. Everyone knows that, owing to the organization of our reserve, France could in four days put on a war footing 600,000 men, disciplined and equipped. This imposing force, armed not to undertake conquest, but to arrive at a prompt and efficacious solution, would augment the glory of the Empire without exposing it to the chances of a gigantic struggle." No doubt France will support the cause which is most "just," but one would like to know what that cause is; and what price is to be paid for defending the right? If the Emperor had really been so anxious to keep the peace, and to prevent the commission of wrong, as is here asserted, we can scarcely suppose that his diplomacy would have been so ambiguous as it has been up to this point, and that he would have offered no obstruction to the accumulation of those combustibles on which we are told that he is ready to pour a copious stream of water the moment they threaten to burst into flame. A few direct and vigorous words spoken before Austria and Prussia invaded Denmark would have saved Europe from the crisis through which she is now passing. Why were they withheld? It is difficult not to suspect that it was in order to bring about a state of circumstances in which the Emperor might be, as he now is, the arbiter of European peace or war; and might be able to throw his 600,000 men into the scale of any judgment which he might choose to pronounce. He does not, as we know, like "gigantic contests." What he does like is, a safe war, confined within moderate limits, and yielding definite and certain advantages. The Congress will give him every chance of entering into such a war, or of gaining its results without drawing the sword—by extorting, under the threat of interference, from one or other or all of the contending parties, such terms or concessions as may promote the interests, and augment the glory of France.

We do not believe that anything will come of the Congress, except in some such way as this. And, entertaining that conviction, we must express the hope that our own Government will exercise extreme caution in any steps they may take. We are not advocates of non-intervention as that phrase is often used; but we are clearly of opinion that nothing could be more insane than to entangle ourselves in any general co-operation with the Emperor Napoleon for the settlement of the affairs of Europe. We may combine with him for the attainment of a definite object, though that, as we have discovered, is a proceeding not without risk. But there is in the present case no such object which we could, consistently with the principles of our policy, seek to obtain by force of arms. Our interest and our honour alike counsel us to stand aloof from quarrels in which no one is altogether in the right, and in which two out of the three Powers engaged are very much in the wrong. That being so, it is desirable that our position, as mere peaceful mediators, should be clearly understood from the first. As we do not intend to act, we must not presume to speak with the authority which such an intention could alone justify. If we can do any good by our advice and by the exertion of our moral influence—and we are more than sceptical on that point—let us do it by all means; but let us take care lest we are drawn on to do more than we intended in the first instance; or that by not doing it we give any one a right to say that we have not fulfilled expectations which we excited, or have shrunk from duties we undertook to perform.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE NATIONAL DEBT.

MR. GLADSTONE's speech on the second reading of the Terminable Annuities Bill places his scheme for reducing the debt in a much better light than it was shown in the Budget

speech. To the scheme as at first presented there were two obvious objections. The great argument on which it appeared to be based—the exhaustion of our coal supplies—was a world too big for it. A much wider scheme should have been proposed. On the other hand, it was a proposal to tie up the hands of Parliament for twenty years to come, and make us devote a million of revenue every year, gradually increasing to a larger amount, towards paying off the debt, altogether irrespective of our prosperity and adversity, or the desirability of modifying our financial burdens. Mr. Gladstone's replies are so far conclusive. His argument about the coal supplies was intended to cover something more than his scheme. It was to influence our policy in the future as well as in the present, and prepare the way for a larger effort. He also took occasion to explain that he did not mean, by his references to Mr. Jevons's statistics, to imply that, with the loss of our coal, England would go down in the world. All he had pointed out was that coal was at present a chief element in our commercial precedence, and it was right that when enjoying the property we should do something to relieve posterity of the burden. He simply presented these as considerations to be taken note of, not going into doubtful speculations as to the future of England when the coal, as was possible, should be exhausted. The other objection was answered by historical references. He was simply recurring to the recognised mode of procedure in paying off our debt. It was quite true he admitted that the measure now proposed was "simply one to make a further contribution from annual revenue towards the liquidation of the public debt." But the fact was, we were at present contributing towards that object £1,600,000 less annually than in the quarter of a century before 1860; and the effect of the Bill, and one already passed this year, would be to replace us in nearly the same position. The method too, viz., of terminable annuities, was the same. He was quite prepared to justify the departure from the practice in 1860. He had himself proposed to take advantage of the annuities falling in that year in order to obtain an important extension of free-trade principles. But having advanced to a certain point in the reformation of our fiscal system, the balance of considerations was in favour of reducing the debt rather than the burden of taxation. Professor Fawcett and Mr. Laing both disputed with Mr. Gladstone whether we had reached this point. The former thinks that working men might still be relieved, and Mr. Laing appeared to favour a more liberal expenditure on national education and similar objects; but it is plain Mr. Gladstone does not disguise from us what we are doing, and few will deny that we are in a very much better position than before 1860 to pay a large sum annually, irrespective of surpluses, towards reducing our debt.

Mr. Gladstone's scheme, then, may be examined on its merits. As an application of the method of terminable annuities we apprehend it is nearly as perfect as can be. The first half of it, operation A, takes advantage of the actual state of the savings bank debt. The savings bank deposits with the National Debt Commissioners are in course of diminution; and, by converting the £24,000,000 we are the trustees of into an annuity terminable in 1885, it might happen the sum we provide would just compensate the annual withdrawals of the trustees, so that in 1885 we should have paid off the debt, extinguishing altogether the present annual charge of £720,000 for interest. This would be the effect of operation A if the trustees rapidly withdraw their deposits; but Mr. Gladstone proposes a new operation. He does not think our burdens should be reduced, and he proposes to apply the interest on the cancelled debt to effect farther reductions, while he has to take into consideration that the trustees may not withdraw all the money we owe. He estimates, in fact, that they will only withdraw one-half. Hence the idea of operation B. By that operation he proposes that the National Debt Commissioners should have power to purchase Three per cent. Stock with the amount of annuity in each year in excess of the requirements of the savings bank trustees. This of itself would be no reduction of the debt. All the difference would be that, instead of the holders of certain Consols being individuals, they would be the National Debt Commissioners. But the Commissioners are in a different situation from individuals, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer says to them—"You have got a certain portion of our Three per Cent. stock; accept in lieu of it an annuity terminable in 1905." The Commissioners being purely a Government mechanism, of course accept a terminable annuity in place of the stock; and thus it will happen, under operation B, a certain portion of our Three per Cent. stock will be converted every year into terminable annuities, and the conversion will in all probability go on increasing. Our annual payment on account of an

annuity terminable in 1905 is rather more than the interest on the Three per Cent. stock, so that every year the Commissioners will receive more to invest, and every year more stock will be converted. In 1885, if the trustees should have withdrawn none of their deposits, the stock converted would be £62,500,000, the annuity created £3,170,000, and the increased annual charge £1,295,000, which, however, would be more than counterbalanced by the annuity now created of £1,725,000 then to fall in. And this is an extreme calculation, for it is likely the savings bank trustees will withdraw a very considerable portion of their deposits, in which case the stock converted, annuity created, and new annual charge, would all be less. The great feature of the scheme is that the annuities are not to be dealt with in the open market. The holders of them will be the National Debt Commissioners, who, it is probable, owing to the increased amount of the Post-office Savings Banks deposits, will always require our securities to the amount proposed. We shall thus be spared the losing process, into which selling terminable annuities in the open market always resolves itself. Nor does the scheme contain the disadvantage of paying off debt in years when we require to borrow. It is only a *power*, not a *direction*, to purchase stock, that is given to the National Debt Commissioners; and the stoppage of the process in a borrowing year will have all the effect of a loan to the extent of the sum diverted from the purchase and conversion of stock.

These, then, are the advantages of Mr. Gladstone's proposal, strictly based on an historical practice, and the question arises—Is it worth the price? The present interest on the savings bank debt is £720,000; the annuity to be created is £1,725,000, an immediate increase of £1,005,000 to our annual burdens, with a gradual prospective increase till 1885 to an uncertain extent, but certainly not exceeding £1,295,000 more. Mr. Gladstone, to relieve our fears, points out that £680,000 of annuities fall in next year, so that the new annuity in great part will no more than replace what is ceasing to be payable; but it is, nevertheless, true that the figures stated represent the price we pay in taxation for the privilege of paying our debt. On this point we cannot agree that any reduction of taxation is to be preferred. It might be better could we trust ourselves to lay aside in our Budget at the beginning of each year a large sum to reduce our debt; but, agreeing generally in the desirability of that object, we find it easier to do so by a permanent appropriation, rather than put it in annual competition with the smaller but more clamorous interests of the taxpayers desiring relief. Parliament is not asked to tie its hands very firmly. In a year of pressure, the process, as we have seen, would be stopped instantly, and in other years there is every desire to let it go on. We are also bound to consider how very unlikely it is that the burdens will ever be felt. Probably all through the next twenty years there will be flourishing surpluses to be given away, and at the end of that period our revenue from its present sources will exceed by several millions the existing amount. We only trust that in the future, as well as in the present, the reduction of the debt will not be lost sight of, but that something more will be done in preference to any serious meddling with the taxes. Can it be said that any of our taxes now (except, perhaps, some on locomotion, which may be easily dealt with) press heavily on commerce and industry, or seriously curtail the enjoyments of the people? What other great country in the world is taxed with any approach to the lightness of our dues? The only great taxes the masses pay are on tea and sugar—we except the spirit and beer duties, as not to be touched for social as well as fiscal reasons—yet, how much per annum does the tax of a poor man come to with a moderate use of these luxuries? Is it in any way oppressive? Then, again, the complaints of the Income-tax at its present rate have almost ceased. It is plain that to meddle with taxes so moderate, while we have a debt so large, would be throwing away the State revenue in mere wantonness. It is urged—why pay off debt bearing 3 per cent. interest, when the money might remain with the community fructifying at rates of 6, 8, and 10 per cent. or more? Setting aside the answer that the money not levied in taxes would very probably be spent, it should always be remembered that the State as a corporation must conduct its affairs on ordinary principles. The large profits of the individual would not *pro tanto* benefit national finance by increasing the national wealth; in a great measure they would be wasted. It is beyond all question that our position as a State would be very much stronger with no debt at all, or a debt greatly reduced below its present amount. We should almost be able to bear the expence of a great war before the debt again mounted up to its present figure, or say the figure we left off at in 1815. This is

the matter-of-fact consideration which urges the reduction of our debt in these piping times of peace and unprecedented wealth. These considerations apply equally to another argument that has been urged. The debt, it is said, if we do not pay it off, will, through the gradual depreciation in the value of money, be virtually reduced half a century hence or later to half its present amount. Why pay a shilling now to relieve our posterity of the burden of sixpence? The answer is, we must regard the near as well as the distant future. We ought to pay off debt now to enable us to borrow with more ease, if need be, ten or twenty years hence. And it is but too probable, when we have done all we can, that plenty of debt will remain to which the shilling-and-sixpence principle will apply. It is fortunate that public attention has now been forcibly drawn to the subject; and we may hope that occasion will soon again be found, when Mr. Gladstone can propose a larger scheme—so large, in fact, that, when it is in operation, the annual shrinking of the enormous bulk of the debt may become a very palpable fact.

#### THE RINDERPEST IN ULSTER.

NEARLY three months ago\* we called attention to the mischief which the cattle plague would effect in Ireland, and we see that our foreboding as to the fact of the pestilence crossing the Channel has turned out to be correct. In an impoverished and struggling country a sum of £30,000,000 represents the very basis and substance of any strength it may possess, and exactly that sum, it is calculated, is imperilled at this moment by the rinderpest. Although every precaution was exhausted, and every measure taken, to preserve our neighbours from the plague, and although they themselves complied with the spirit and letter of the rules with, for them, an unusual and cheerful compliance, their immunity was but temporary; they must now prepare to meet an enemy whose stealthy and destructive course nearly baffles the utmost vigilance. It is satisfactory to know, however, that in the very commencement the proper determination was shown to regard the danger as a national evil, and that the course pursued by the executive officers indicated that our unfortunate recklessness, when similarly circumstanced, had taught them a lesson which they were not slow to profit by. At first, the people on Drennan farm were in hopes that their cattle were suffering under a lung disease which has been for some time prevalent in Ireland, and which is recognised and dreaded on the Continent as *maladie de sang*; but a Mr. Morrow, who had seen the rinderpest in Scotland, detected the hideous murrain immediately. It swept off eight beasts before the alarm was given. Then Professor Ferguson was sent for, and directed the slaughter of four more, placing the district in quarantine, having it mapped out by a surveyor, who traced the boundary with yellow flags, and putting a cordon of constabulary round the stricken spot, so as if possible to save the neighbouring farms. This was all done with a promptitude which reflects credit upon all concerned. The rinderpest spreads in the arithmetical proportion of increase. The Privy Council has ordered a proclamation to issue suspending fairs and markets within the vicinage of the tainted baronies, and placed under interdict the ingress and egress of all animals unless those specially marked as inspected. Lambs, sheep, and swine, are comprehended in the manifesto, while dogs are condemned to be shot if they should stray upon the forbidden quarter. One of the best provisions of the code is that, if any cattle die of the disease, the owner shall not receive a farthing compensation, but if his stock should be slaughtered by direction of the authorities, he becomes entitled, according to the value of the animals, to a sum not exceeding £20. The symptoms by which the rinderpest declared itself were distinct enough to cause Professor Ferguson to deprecate the suggestion of a *post mortem* examination. The oppressive breathing, violent purgings, discharges of saliva from the mouth, and continual shivering and trembling over the loins, are the familiar and terrible aspects under which the plague exhibited itself with us, and the same pitiable manifestations of suffering were displayed before the gentlemen who visited the farm in Lisburn. It is really distressing to contemplate the calamitous visitation this infection may prove to Ireland. The Fenians were bad enough—their ruffianism impaired to a slight degree public credit and security, while other patriots are responsible for a mischievous and unmeaning discontent which pervades certain classes. But those blow-flies from the carcase of sedition were merely

unpleasant when compared with the ruin that would ensue from the extinction of the stock which is now the staple produce of the country. Therefore, we again impress on our neighbours the necessity for increasing vigilance and unflinching action in opposing the pestilence. Perhaps we do not advise disinterestedly, but our interests in this case are identical with Irish prosperity. We pay largely for Irish cattle, and although at first sight it might appear that we must eventually pay more if the disease diminishes the supply, it should be remembered that the disturbing condition of bad repute will overbear the simple law of economy. Instead of accepting Irish cattle as pure, wholesome, and comparatively cheap, they will be regarded with doubt and suspicion as coming from an infected country, and this element of suspicion is certain to make itself felt in the market. Besides, the death of every animal by the plague must in the nature of things be a loss, and the compensation upon the average can only be a consolation rather than an exchange. The distribution of this relief by the Poor-law Commissioners (although perhaps they are the most convenient functionaries for the office) sounds ominous. It should also be borne in mind that the emigration movement is now in full swing, and that if Ireland be deprived at the same moment of population and stock, there will be a problem for us to solve, the working of which must be more scandalous than profitable. There is very little use in legislating for landlords who may have no tenants, or in providing for the education of children who contemplate a voyage to the fresh fields and new pastures of America or Australia. To be sure, we are not to blame for the cattle plague, and the emigration is owing to complex causes, in which we have a share, but which we neither originated nor promoted. But an evil which hurts will hurt on its own account, although the source of it may be foreign and inaccessible. As long as Ireland is tied to us, we must be the better or the worse for her condition. In the purely domestic affliction with which she is now threatened, we can only extend our sympathy, our encouragement, our advice, and, it may be added, our involuntary experience. But we trust that good may result from the ordeal. There is a welding of classes, an association of interests, and a communion of feeling often brought about by a national misfortune, and if this union took place in Ireland, it would almost balance the disagreeable casualties of the rinderpest. Here is a subject which Catholic and Protestant, patriot and non-patriot, can combine upon with unanimity begotten of a common concern. It has nothing to do with the vexed questions, in which they seem to have entered into a binding agreement to differ with each other, not only periodically, but perpetually; it lacks some of the elements of excitement to which they have been accustomed, but it possesses a grave undeniable claim upon their attention. It is essentially their own business. Associations for auditing the fiscal accounts of Ireland at the period of the Union are extremely popular just now; if our readers think we exaggerate, let them examine the Irish newspapers. We are to be brought in debt, and the money funded to the credit of a useful corporation, whose performances in the Rotundo of Dublin have been recently more vivacious than discreet. If the gentlemen who compose this Lagadian assembly would turn from extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers to so practical a matter as the repelling of the rinderpest, they might earn the gratitude of their more intelligent countrymen,—and gratitude, after all, is a mere noble feeling to inspire than contempt or ridicule. So, too, would the fervid intolerance of gentlemen who at this hour speak of "Popish mass-houses" find a healthy issue, if directed towards a similar object. We hope that if, unfortunately, the rinderpest makes head, we may venture to anticipate a healthy combination of all grades, and a spirit of concerted energy which may be carried beyond its immediate aim. At the worst, Ireland could bear this misfortune, but only by the assessment of an extraordinary tax. That assessment has already begun, and we believe has been made upon a very inadequate estimate. £13,474 appears to us to be but a poor provision for the contingencies of the pestilence, but this is a matter of which those on the spot ought to be the best judges.

A mischievous attempt has been made to ignore the presence of the disease altogether and to confuse it with pleuro-pneumonia. The only colour for such an opinion is that at this season lung disease prevails throughout Ireland, but we think the evidence of the experts ought to satisfy stock-owners that what they have to meet is the rinderpest, and that ignoring it is the most fatal proceeding they can adopt. Several *post mortem* examinations have been held, and the rinderpest unhesitatingly declared to be the cause and sole cause of disaster. Meat in Ireland has been for some time at a high price, the large demand necessary for our supply placing it as a food almost above the

reach of artisan classes—now the middle classes will find it difficult to keep themselves in beef and mutton. The prospects of the harvest, however, are good, and, according to the periodical habit of the blight, Ireland ought this year to be free from that affliction. There is ground for hope that the rinderpest may be smothered in its inception, and we cannot too much commend the vigour with which it has been opposed at the onset; if, however, in spite of everything, the plague spreads and grows apace, we trust to see Irishmen work and assist other in their own special interest, and give a long holiday to notions which only perpetuate feud and retard true national advancement.

#### ROGUES' FARE AND HONEST MEN'S FOOD.

Convict and Casual literature would seem to be in demand just at present. Not only have two of our evening contemporaries added to their sensational attractions by employing what it is the vogue to call "Special Commissioners" to explore the inmost depths of the Lambeth Casual Ward and Jack Ketch's Warren, and, to shame society and the so-styled "guardians" of the poor, by their startling revelations, but the casuals and convicts have themselves taken pen in hand, and have been permitted to address the public through the unusual medium of a monthly periodical. A real casual is added to the contributors of *Temple Bar*, and a real convict is allowed in the current number of the *Cornhill* to occupy a similar amount of space to that assigned to Mr. Trollope's story of "The Claverings." These are significant facts. There is certainly no reason for ruthlessly repressing the literary talents of those who, in the language of the poet of their own order, "have left their country for their country's good," or of forbidding them to emulate the examples of Barrington, Eugene Aram, Dr. Dodd, or any other criminal who, in verse or prose, has penned his "Prison Thoughts;" but we are not desirous to have our periodical reading served up to us with a gaol flavour; and when we cut the leaves of the new number of the *Cornhill*, although we may bear with the exaggerations of the monstrosity whom Mr. Wilkie Collins has created to be the heroine of his last romance, yet we scarcely expect to find two dozen pages taken up with "A Letter from a Convict in Australia to a Brother in England." Miss Gwilt is a fictitious character; but this Mr. Guilt, the *Cornhill* Convict, is introduced to us as a veritable reality, "now in Australia." We must accept the editorial voucher for the genuineness of the Letter, although, from his style and statements, the Convict writes as though he were addressing himself rather to the readers of a magazine than to his brother. Internally, indeed, his epistle bears every sign of a full acquaintance with the subject of which it treats. We desire only to touch on one of its many points—that of prison fare.

The Convict was successively provided by Government with board and lodging in four metropolitan prisons, on whose dietary system he bestowed a critical attention. At Newgate, he found the food to be "clean, good, and well cooked," with soup and meat on alternate days; but, at Millbank, where the food was cocoa at breakfast, beef at dinner, and gruel for supper, although the materials were good, the cooking was bad. But, at Pentonville, says the *Cornhill* Convict, "as regards the dietary arrangements, these are conducted with a care only equalled, as I have heard, in one Government prison—that of Portland." The meat, in particular, was of the finest quality, and as much above suspicion as was Cæsar's wife. At Portsmouth, "the dietary arrangements" were not quite so choice; for, although the dinner consisted of "plain boiled beef or mutton, with some kind of vegetable," and was "sufficient for health," yet it was served up in "dirty tins," which must be a rank offence to the exceedingly nice gentlemen who have been spending their morning in skilled endeavours to shirk the dock-yard labour that has been imposed upon them, which is got through in such a way that, according to the ingenuous statement of the writer, fifty regular workmen would easily perform the work of six hundred convicts. He had further experiences on the convict ship that bore him to the land of his compulsory adoption, and he found the sea-voyage rations to be "sound and good—good pork, good pease-soup, good plum-dough." In fine, it would appear that the only points in "the dietary arrangements" of which this literary Convict had to complain, were the bad cooking at Millbank and the dirty tins at Portsmouth; for, although the diner had neither clean hands morally nor physically, he could yet feel it to be a grievance that his dinner should be served on a semi-washed platter; and, as to the cooking, rogues can be as fastidious on this point as any gourmand or the proverbial London alderman. Even Uriah Heep, when a guest at Mr. Creakle's model prison, was con-

strained to complain that the beef was rather tougher than he could wish, and Mr. Littimer had a suspicion that the milk in his cocoa was not so genuine as it might have been. The testimony of the *Cornhill* Convict as to the general excellence of the prison fare, is confirmed by that of Mr. Henry Mayhew, who, in his literary torso "*The Great World of London*," has given a very minute account of the metropolitan prisons. At Pentonville, the dinner rations were half a pint of good soup, 4 oz. of meat without bone (beef and mutton alternately), 1 lb. potatoes, 5 oz. bread; and each convict had 20 oz. of bread every day. The dietary at Brixton was much the same, with the exception that they had more bread and less potatoes. At Millbank it was even more liberal; 5 oz. meat, without bone, 1 lb. potatoes, 6 oz. bread; with cocoa, molasses, oatmeal gruel, and 22 oz. of bread each day. At Coldbath-fields, the daily allowance of bread rose to 24 oz. for those who were confined for terms under fourteen days; but the prisoners with longer sentences had only 20 oz. of bread, but double the quantity of meat; for it was the theory of Sir James Graham, that imprisonment had so depressing an effect on the system, that those who were condemned to longer terms of punishment required more nutritious food than the prisoners committed for a shorter period,—a humanitarian theory, which resulted in an offender taking pains to get himself convicted for that term of three months that should insure him a full supply of rations. On board the *Defence* hulk, at Woolwich, the scale of diet rose to 27 oz. bread, 6 oz. meat, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 pint cocoa, and 1 pint of gruel; and on the *Unité* hospital ship, although, in the rations for convalescents, the bread was less, the meat was more, together with porter, tea, &c. The convict who, a month ago, through the medium of "the Amateur Casual," gave his prison experiences to the readers of the *Evening Star*, speaks of the dietary system at Portland in these terms:—

"The food was plentiful and excellent, contrasting shamefully with that allowed the poor folks at the workhouses as recently exposed in the newspapers. At breakfast time we got a pound of bread, a pint of cocoa, and 2 oz. of cheese. The gluttons ate the lot up at once, but the prudent ones reserved the cheese and a piece of the bread, for at eleven o'clock there was half a pint of beer for lunch, and that with a mouthful of bread and cheese, made quite a comfortable snack. At dinner we got a pint of soup, a pound of potatoes, and 5 oz. of boiled meat for three days, and the other four days 5 oz. of roast meat, a pound of potatoes, and 6 oz. of suet pudding. In the evening a pint of tea and 8 oz. of bread."

Now, the striking feature in these various accounts of prison fare is that of the meat—meat, too, of the best quality. For, the *chef* who presides over the gaol kitchen leaves the coarser pieces to inmates of unions, plodding tradesmen, industrious artisans, and such small deer, and selects for himself the choicest pieces, judiciously varying the staple of the banquet, lest *toujours* boiled beef should become as distasteful to the thieves and garotters who are his compulsory guests as it proved to our soldiers in the Knightsbridge Barracks. It may be argued, perhaps, that if you detain men against their will in any house or prison, you are bound to take care of them in every way. But the pampering and indulgent system of treating criminals is occasionally carried to an absurd and unwholesome extreme; and it was only in January last that a magistrate at the Worcester Epiphany sessions was thought unreasonable when he made a mild remonstrance at a certain item in the county gaol expenditure, from which it appeared that £7 per annum was paid to a novel official called "the precentor and choir-master of the gaol," whose duty it was "to instruct the young thieves and juvenile delinquents in the art of sacred melody." But, although music may be "the food of love," neither thieves nor honest men can live upon it; yet, while the former class are regaled with an ample and nutritious dietary, a large proportion of the latter class are compelled to overtax their powers in order to procure a bare sufficiency of coarse food. It may be safely asserted that thousands of agricultural labourers seldom, if ever, eat a piece of beef or mutton from year's end to year's end, unless it should happen to be given to them by the parson or Lady Bountiful of the parish; and, were this fact, coupled with the contrasting fact of the comparatively sumptuous prison fare, to enter deeply into the bucolical mind of poor Hodge, it would be well-nigh sufficient to induce him to resign his freedom and hardships for the comforts that would throng around him within the prison wall. A coarse piece of boiled pork is the ordinary piece of meat that crowns the banquet of the agricultural labourer on high-days and holidays; but his staple fare is weak tea, weaker broth, and a dumpling—not a dumpling of that kind that puzzled good King George as to how the apple had got inside it, but a stodgy mass of paste in which potatoes and odds and ends of food have been mixed, the whole being agglomerated into a result that would appear to invite dyspepsia in its most

aggravated form. Fat bacon, and even cheese, now that it has so greatly risen in price, is not that regular accompaniment to Hodge's hunch of bread that many people would imagine. A cup of tea, a quarter of a loaf, and an onion is this honest man's frequent dinner, and he may sigh in vain for the rogue's plateful of well-cooked beef or mutton. But, besides onions, there is the occasional delicacy of the red herring; "for it do give such a flavour," said a labourer's wife to us only the other day, "that the children are crazed after it;" thereby signifying that it produced in her offspring pleasurable emotions, and not that it overthrew the balance of their intellects.

At the time of the Lancashire distress, the *Times* permitted more than one agricultural labourer to speak in its columns in his own words. Here is the testimony of one:—

"We have many a time sat down to dine off potatoes, and a salt herring divided between three of us, thinking ourselves well off to get that. I have seen others who have had nothing but dry bread (and sometimes an onion) for breakfast from Monday morning until Saturday night, and potatoes for dinner, and the same diet for supper, never thinking of butcher's meat. By chance they would have a bit of salt bacon, which was considered a luxury."

The letter of another is printed *verbatim*, thus:—

"As to those worthy People with whom I Lodged 4 years altogether and During the whole time Never saw an ounce of Butchers Meat in the House the whole time I was there their Diet from years End to years End being by day for father and Sons who Carried their Provisions to work with them (having to Miles to walk night and morning) Consisted of Bread and Onions and at night their supper Consisted of Potatoes and Salt on Sundays they would have the addition of a Bit of Bacon and here Let Me State in Gratitude to those worthy People that thy always shared their morsel with your Humble Servant Beer or Spirits were never Even Spoken of and never was such a thing there the whole 4 years I was under their Roof and the only time they ever knew the taste of any was in the fields in the Hay and Harvest time. I only speak of this family having lived with them but of Course the whole villages Leying Round fared in the same manner."

And at the same date, and in the same journal, one who was well acquainted with the agricultural poor thus spoke as to their normal dietary:—

"I have said nothing of the price of meat. It is 8d. per lb. The poor seldom see, never buy it. Bread, of course, bears the current price of the season, as elsewhere. It and potatoes form the chief food, and the bit of 'garden stuff.' How they subsist in health, and how they make both ends meet, I cannot tell."

Unfortunately, whatever it may be across the Channel, cooking is not an art that is indigenous in this country, or that comes natural to the British female, at any rate, in the lower sections of the rural population; and, partly, it must be confessed, through the shortcomings of his wife, poor Hodge is fed on a laxer system than the beasts he tends, for whom the food is rendered most nutritious and easy of digestion by the mechanical aids of steamers, pulpers, and mills. Undoubtedly, so far as regards his diet, Hodge, as a free, honest man, is infinitely worse off than Hodge as a prisoned rogue and vagabond. "When our time's up," a convict was heard to say to his companion, "we shall be as bad off as them dashed soldiers." And he might have pointed his remark with more epigrammatic antithesis if his knowledge of the agricultural labourer's daily life and fare had permitted him to substitute Hodge for the soldier. Even a burlesque writer could not say of the convict and gaol-bird that his fare is foul, for such a description would only apply to "the dietary arrangements" of poor Hodge.

#### THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ABOUT a month ago a very amusing article appeared in *All the Year Round* descriptive of the writer's visit to the office of a sporting paper. Pointing to one corner of the room the gentleman who presided over the pugilistic chronicle observed that there it was possible, by combining a fair amount of resolution, with a considerable knowledge of single-stick, to defend yourself from assault until the reinforcement provided in such contingencies arrived. From this it appeared that the irrepressible blackguardism of the ring broke out even in those head-quarters where the ministerial business of the noble art is conducted; and we were informed of a further example of brutality in the fact, that the referee in a recent encounter had been attacked by a ferocious bruiser, whose money was in danger from the expected decision. Now the friends of the P.R. would have us understand that the game they encouraged is as lawful as cricket, and in its way not worse than horse-racing; but they have been unable to excuse those flagrant indications of its real character. We believe the last ring transaction ought to close this disgusting institution. Perhaps

the most amusing aspect of the affair has been the manner in which it was treated by some of our daily contemporaries. It really must have been very hard on a man to remain up all night, or to rise in the grey dawn, to hustle into a train at the risk of his pockets and his life, to cram himself with the special garbage of the fistic taverns, and to prepare himself for a neat account of the fight for the championship, and then to have only his labour for his pains. No wonder he should be indignant at the pacific termination of a conflict, for the particulars of which he knew a couple of columns were left gaping. His only resource is to abuse the whole concern, which is scarcely fair, considering that he contemplated making copy out of the most savage issue of it. In one lamentation over the decay of the ring with which a reporter wound up, we read the following:—"Perhaps the most unfortunate circumstance remains in very few words to be mentioned. There were among the spectators who had come down from London to witness the fight for the championship several French gentlemen." We doubt whether the country will take this misfortune grievously to heart. The French gentlemen who were disappointed in "le boxe" can scarce be idiotic enough to confuse the genuine fighting spirit of this country with the mercenary onslaught of a pair of ruffians. Besides, if they laboured under such a delusion, would not the after set-to between Jem Gollagher and Abe Hicken amply reinstate the nation in their regard? If this brilliant display failed to put us right, would not the attack by a score of prize-fighters on two or three police vindicate our character for pluck? We really recommend those points as calculated to console persons who think our prestige has suffered by the fight for the belt. An episode which must have been sympathized with by the French gentlemen occurred at the Gollagher and Hicken performance: "the excited seconds proceeding to the excess of kissing their men,"—this, we are told, annoyed the "respectable" lookers-on, from which we surmise the annoyance was felt by very few indeed.

So completely devoid of interest was the champion fight, that the papers which make a speciality of recording those events were obliged to re-serve the former dishes which had pleased their patrons, and a battle of three years ago between the same combatants was coolly repeated in print to compensate for the miscarriage of the late meeting. Doubtless, Messrs. Mace and Goss entertained last week the opinion, that, having registered one pummelling match, they had done sufficient for fame. The "Corinthians," it is said, have been egregiously duped. The reader, of course, knows what a "Corinthian" is—the name is of the Georgian era, and signifies a person supposed to be of good quality, whose tastes are so debauched that his chief pleasure lies in consorting with pugilists. "Corinthians" are not at all as fashionable as they used to be. They belonged properly to the period when to dress like a coachman and swear like a trooper was quite the rage, when gambling was in vogue, and "hells" open, and when a main of cocks was thought one of the noblest and most dignified of pastimes. A relic of those customs has come down to us in prize-fighting, and it is decidedly the worst and most disgraceful of the lot. The persons who contribute to the P.R. are probably more of the "Toots" than the "Corinthian" order. In a large city such as London there must of necessity be a number of young noodles with money, who, in a mistaken notion of manliness, attach themselves to taverns where dogs and men may be had to fight, and where, on one side of the wall, you see the "Chicken," in his favourite attitude, and, on the other, you behold "Tumbler," the celebrated ratter, in *his* favourite attitude. These fools imagine they are seeing life in frequenting these dirty haunts, and that they are three inches taller for having spoken with a heavy-weight, or treated an ex-champion to drink. We trust the Goss and Mace business will open their eyes. They are now the laughing-stock of the unsightly crew which they believed possessed principle enough to fulfil a horrible contract. We should be very far from interfering with any English sport, and we have always put in a word for cricket, for hunting, or for shooting in season; but there is nothing good to be said of prize-fighting. It is surprising that the journals which circulate the challenges of professional roughs, do not combine with the feeling of the general public, and once and for ever extinguish this brutal incentive to violence.

On no ground does it deserve the least encouragement. We understand training without it, and the sort of courage it is supposed to represent, and the endurance it is credited with typifying, will be found just as plainly exhibited in a tight boat-race, or a close running-match. Then, when its leaders and models display an utter absence of the only qualities which would palliate the evils, it is time to have

an end of prize-fighting. Dean Swift remarked he would not interpose between duellists, the world being well rid of one or either or both combatants, and certainly we think that sympathy is thrown away upon "slashers," "infants," and "Brums" of the ring; but the fellows are perpetuating a mischief, and on that account should be stamped out as a pest. The public-house which the prize-fighter looks to as the reward of his unseemly career, might be made to spoil his trade. If licenses were refused to professors of the P.R., the P.R. would not be half as popular a calling as it is. There is, indeed, something almost melancholy about the nature of this ambition, which prompts a human being to batter and be battered in the ring for half his life, in order to spend the other half among the joys of rats, bull-dogs, liquor, and what he calls harmony, the harmony of a prize-fighter's "at home" being usually a chorus of kindred spirits led by the clog-dancing of a street Christy minstrel. To such uses may our nature be brought. The Legislature has done only half its work in making prize-fights illegal when it permits the academies of the fistic art full swing and immunity. Here the matches are made, the money staked, the appointments given, and the gossip filed; but take away the liquor, and you remove the mainspring of the scandalous machinery. Restrictive and sumptuary measures are seldom desirable, but in this case those we propose would have an immediate and most wholesome effect.

And why not reduce boxing to gloves, just as fencing has been brought from rapiers to foils? Whatever advantages are to be derived from manual defence, they can be derived as well indirectly by means of gloves, as directly from clenched fists. Regarding the question socially, it must be said that on the whole there are no such unmitigated scoundrels in England as our prize-fighters. Their lives are composed of a forced temporary restraint, which is followed by the most abominable and systematic indulgence in vice. We have alluded to their amusements, and have no desire to follow the unsavoury subject closer up. They are offensive creatures, whose occupation is almost if not actually a crime, and who from the very work in which they are engaged must be devoid of a single feeling or sentiment worthy of toleration. There may have been exceptions we admit; Sayers was reported to be an honest man, and King retired from the business with a certain character for probity, as well as hard hitting. But those exceptions are brought forward with such emphatic prominence, that they evidently only prove the rule. We therefore trust that the "belt" will be hung up, and that the farce of two grinning blackguards playing on the curiosity of other "Corinthians" will not be repeated. The cowardice of the surrounding bullies in half killing a poor constable ought to disgust the public with the whole proceeding, even if there was nothing else to condemn it. We find it difficult to understand how the railway companies accommodate themselves to the requirements of the prize-fighting community. There never seems to be the least difficulty in procuring a special train for those gentry when they contemplate a flagrant violation of the law. Is a company that abstract thing which can do no wrong in making money? We learn that pugilistic trains regularly dodge the police, dropping their ugly freights upon given and concerted signals. There is something wrong here, and but that the railway interest is rather strong in a certain quarter, the House might be called upon to look to it.

#### THE EDUCATION OF LANDED PROPRIETORS.

WE live in an age in which there is a special training for almost every profession, for every branch of commerce. We have recognised the plain truth, that to fit a man to perform particular duties it is advisable, if not absolutely necessary, that he should be taught in early life the nature of such duties, and whatever is necessary to qualify him for their performance. It is admitted that landed property, if it is accorded certain privileges, yet has specific duties. The owner of a large estate has a certain social status, which the mere possession of money-wealth cannot claim. There is nothing more coveted than land. There is nothing men possess, of the possession of which they are more tenacious. Land greed is the besetting sin of landowners; they rarely rest satisfied with what they own. They love to add acre to acre, and believe they gather honour to their name just in proportion as they can add to their landed property. Men of the most liberal nature become covetous in the matter of land. There are few estates, however large, the owners of which do not covet some adjoining property—there is some Naboth, whose vineyard they crave for: have no peace until they possess it. As the rule, large estates

go with rank. It is in the nature of Englishmen to aspire to rank. The most democratic of commercial princes feels that although to buy an estate is not to purchase nobility pure, yet that it is to ascend some steps of the ladder which promises to lead to it. At all events he feels that the ownership of land gives him a social position which nothing else can give. Hence, no sooner is money made in commercial or professional business, than a determination follows to sacrifice in the matter of income, if only land can be obtained; and that which is sweeter than any ordinary percentage—the social position of a squire, can be thus acquired.

Land-owning is business. It is traffic in leases and covenants; it is a dealing with profitable lettings; it is a business of a very complex character. You hire, by certain portions of your estate, and certain buildings on it, with other very miscellaneous outlay, the services of men, who as tenants contract to pay you a certain income out of the profit they can make, by farming these portions of your great freehold. These men, who deal with you at your agent's counter for the agreement which is to make over the occupation and the tillage of the farms to them, speculate on how far, at what they pay you, they can hope on an average of years to recoup themselves their own outlay, and get a fair interest for the money they invest. Their risk is in the uncertainty of the seasons, the fluctuations of markets, the liability to injury to which their crops, their live stock, and plant are liable. Your risk is the solvency of these tenants, and the rise and fall of the real value of the rent they pay, as it may be affected by the dilapidation of the buildings, the necessary expenditure for repairs, and the occasional necessity for new buildings. The real value of your farms, as letting articles as the stock of your landowning trade, is affected by the value and quality of the labour accessible to the tenantry. The landowner reaps from the sowing of his tenantry; the tenant gathers into his barns the produce which is the result of the manual labour of his labourers. The labouring men are in one sense a sort of farming live stock. They don't draw the plough or waggon, but neither are drawn without their manual help or guidance. They act in aid of the farm machinery; whether it is hoe, fork, bill-hook, or steam machinery, the most simple and the most complex agricultural instruments are alike useless without their labour and skill. If the farmer, the covenanted possessor of a portion of your freehold, has to pay the labourer that he may be fed and clothed, you, the landlord, have to put the roof over his head. It is true you may evade the duty by forcing your tenants to draw their labour from the property owned by others, but doing this you depreciate the value of your lettings, for you either get less responsible, less valuable tenants, or having men of good repute and skill you place them under circumstances under which they feel aggrieved; and they are compelled in their own interest, having insufficient and low caste labour, to economize in other parts of their business in order to recoup themselves for their loss in this part. Modern farming requires the highest class of labouring skill and industry it can command. So much must be trusted to the honesty as well as to the ability of the labourer, that it is most important he should not only dwell near at hand, but have a dwelling sufficiently comfortable to induce him to feel no desire to change it. Just as it is in the interest of the landlord to clan his tenantry, to make them respect him as their common head, and be attached to his estate as the very heart of their earthly calling, so is it in the interest of the landlord and tenant that there should ever be a good staff of resident, contented labourers; men attached to the estate by attention to their comfort, dealt justly with in the matter of hire, and so housed as to be homed; their cottage being not merely a temporary lodging, but the abode of a family, who may hope by industry and honesty to live there, contented with their station, not ever on the look out for orders to vacate it; or themselves so ill-treated, that they are on the watch for some change for the better.

A landlord has ever to watch the burdens of an estate, in the shape of poor-rates, way-rates, county-rate, subscriptions called voluntary, but still scarcely optional, if he hopes to sustain the character of a just and humane man. Whether or not, the burden of "rates" may fall more directly on the tenantry than himself, the result in the end is the same. An incoming tenant has to calculate what these outgoings are, and they form no immaterial element in the question of the probable value of his speculation. In the matter of subscriptions to schools and charities, a great deal of the morality of the estate is involved. An uneducated, neglected people, become immoral and expensive; if their sins find them out, and bring them to the grief of pauperism, your estate has to pay its share of the cost of their sin. Landlords soon find, or ought to find, that charity is sound policy as well as Christian

virtue. Done with judgment, it is a good investment. The estate that has good tenants but bad labourers is unsound. The rottenness is at the base, and goes far to unsettle all hope of healthy action above. A miserly landlord begets a miserable population; their misery will, sooner or later, make his avarice a source of great expense. Provincial importance is a great ingredient in the constitution of a landlord's happiness. He wishes to exercise a certain amount of political influence. He would be unhappy, did he not in local, every-day matters, carry weight in proportion to his possessions. It requires no little tact, considerable study of his neighbours' characters, to acquire the popularity in which peers and esquires delight. They have to steer clear of many a rock of offence, to study the art of conciliation, to regulate their hospitality, so as to make it esteemed by their guests as personally complimentary, rather than an affair of customary routine, done civilly, but, as is too often the case, with so little tact, that no guest is really pleased, very many are offended.

A great deal of the business of an estate must be done by agency. Not only does a landlord need great care in the choice of agents, but to be very careful lest his own position becomes usurped by them, and he thus becomes lowered in the eyes of his own tenantry. Tenants know very well there must be this third party between themselves and their landlord; none know better the difference between an estate where the agent and landlord each fulfils his own duties, and the estate on which the latter allows, or deliberately intends the former, to be the sole channel of communication. It is in vain for the landowner to hope for peace and comfort on his estate, if he chooses to depute his own duty to hireling hands. In matters of ordinary business the agent is the proper person to act. But ill fares the estate where in all business the tenants are referred to the agent, and he is made the landowner's mouthpiece and scribe. No occasional acts of courtesy, no audit-day butter, will win the respect of a tenantry thus treated. Circumstances do for ever occur, in which a kindly meeting and frank communication between a tenant and a landlord will be for the ultimate benefit of both, the subject of such conversation, having been left to be filtered through the agent, will on the other hand often lead to serious misunderstanding.

Landed estates are for the most part entailed. The possessors draw only a life interest from them, and can only act for their benefit under certain legal restriction. The rental may be increased or diminished, the expenses may, and are pretty certain to be very fluctuating, always very heavy. There is no power of sale of one portion to meet the expenses of the rest. It is matter ever of serious consideration what portion of yearly net income can be spent on the maintenance of the social position to which the owner may aspire. The misfortune is, that large territorial possession is supposed to call for great personal expenditure to justify great indulgence in matters of large expense. The truth is, that where income is drawn only from land let to hire, and land in occupation, the returns rarely justify the expense the world at large thinks justifiable. There are rainy days in very large proportion to those of perfect sunshine. Families increase, daughters have to be portioned, sons found in income, habits of pleasurable expenditure are very difficult of contraction. The peer or squire is strangely susceptible of any imputation of insolvency. There is no doubt the screw can work for a time a great deal out of large landed ownership. But the days of bricks and mortar, of buildings and repairs, drainage and necessary outlay, cannot be for ever deferred. But too often the father has bequeathed these to the son, who finds he may have inherited the prestige of a local prince, with the burden of a position he has no money to sustain. We will yet say a word more of the things to be gathered from experience by a landowner. He has to study well the nature of the leases or covenants by which he cuts off from his own occupation portions of his estate. There is no matter of business requires more study. In these days a lease is a very complicated affair. Modern farming requires an amount of intelligence and capital, which men are very careful of investing. There has been great competition for farms. We have some doubts how far this will be sustained. Under any circumstances, fresh elements of caution will be begotten on the part of landlord and occupier. It needs no ordinary mind on either side to determine the specific nature of a document which binds the one to let and the other to hire a farm of modern dimensions. Ill-considered leases are mutual curses. They are for ever liable to dispute, and from the very nature of a calling which is ever open to great fluctuation in its returns, causes of dispute do for ever arise. What are called compensation clauses are of all the most fruitful in ill will.

We have, we trust, said enough to prove that the man who

is possessor of a large landed estate had need to be a good man of business. Who ever heard of an industrial training in this direction? Have we yet to learn that, as the rule, there are no men less educated specially for the business of their lives than eldest sons of landed magnates? Is it not the fact that with the large majority of them estate management is just that which they have been trained to study the least. Eton or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge, may or may not make them fair scholars; they may have the bearing of gentlemen, be qualified for the post of M.P. for a family borough, or their own county. What knowledge have they of the responsibilities and duties which attach to the possession of a large landed estate? Have they any the least training in any one branch of estate management? Are they competent to give any sound judgment on the nature of a lease? Are they at all instructed in those matters which would enable them to distinguish between rent-roll and the money which may be safely expended from the returns of an estate, independent of what is required for its working support? We readily admit that a great deal of this can be done vicariously. Agents can and do do it; but what we argue is, that the landowner should be sufficiently instructed to know how far his agents are acting for the real interest of his estate. At present it would seem that in too many cases, beyond game preservation and a knowledge of the staff necessary and the space required for it, the majority of the rising future inheritors of landed property know little, if anything, of estate management. The returns published this year of the sport on estates, are sufficient to prove that the growth, increase, and support of game, is thoroughly understood by landed proprietors. We have great doubts whether the excessive study of this branch of estateship has not usurped the place of sounder and wiser knowledge. That the estates of a few proprietors have enabled the Prince of Wales to slaughter, at his own hands, over 20,000 head of wood poultry and tame hares and rabbits, may be an honour to the nation at large. It does not reconcile us to a state of things which we see clearly is leaving estate management in the hands of agents, with the exception of those portions which are in the hands of gamekeepers. If we are inclined to believe Mr. Bright's opinions will, year by year, become more popular, it is not because we yield our judgment wholly to them, but that we see in the ignorance of landowners of their duties much danger to the preservation of their privileges.

#### DEATH IN THE WORKSHOP.

In journeying along the Appian Way from Rome towards Naples, the traveller who arrives at Astura, and enters on the Pontine Marshes, is assailed by a stench so strong and strange that he is tempted to doubt whether he shall ever get to his journey's end. He closes the carriage windows in vain; he invokes the aid of handkerchiefs and eau de Cologne; his breath is impeded, his head distracted with pain, and if ever he ventures to look forth on the stunted vegetation and the poisoned waters of the Garigliano, he is amazed to find that the foul tract is still inhabited, and that here and there human beings, half skeletons, obtain a scanty subsistence among the pestilent vapours. He pities deeply their miserable condition, and thanks his stars that he can travel from London to Inverness, or from Truro to Newcastle, without passing through one Pontine Marsh.

But are there none, after all, in England whose state resembles too closely that of the ghastly starvelings who, clad in sheep skins, steal about among the mephitic bogs of the States of the Church? Are there none who, with broken spirits and emaciated frames, breathe constantly a tainted atmosphere, become parents of rickety and sickly children, and in toiling for existence bring on premature death? Alas! there are thousands—thousands who pass their days in the busy shop or the gloomy closet in the rear; where dust and gas vitiate the air, and the lungs, weary for fresh oxygen, play languidly, and incline to fatal tubercles. Workshops are generally unwholesome, and particularly such as are devoted to sedentary employments. Tailors, milliners, and dress-makers often toil over the fine clothing of Dives in rooms reeking like felons' cells in the time of Howard. Some twenty years ago a writer who paid a visit to a tailor's workshop on the South Bridge, Edinburgh, declared that nothing short of a bath and an hour's walk on Calton Hill relieved him of the disagreeable sensation it produced. About thirty men were at work in a small room, and so offensive was the odour of scorched cloth, breath rife with tobacco, breath tainted with garlic, and skins long unacquainted with soap and water, that before advancing a yard into their midst he was half-suffocated, and compelled to

retreat. Other employments there are in themselves pernicious, the evil effects of which neither cleanliness nor ventilation can obviate. Ladies who deck their hair with mimic bloom have in general little idea of the way in which those false flowers grew. They wear them light-heartedly in the gayest scenes, and think not that they are transplanted from the saddest. They put forth their leaves and delicate hues in stifling garrets, in fetid back kitchens, or in hot, overcrowded factories, where the health of those who made them was withering away, where the gas burners are often without glass or shade, and gas stoves are set on the tables to heat the tools, while a hundred women and girls from nine years old and upwards bend over their hothouse plants. Some hold the hand stamp which cuts through sixteen folds at a time of the muslin or silk that is to make the leaves and flowers. Others vein the leaves by pressing them between dies, or paint the petals separately with a brush, when the centre is to be left white. Most of them are busy with the finer work of constructing the flowers. They gum and wax, dust for bloom with potato flour, or with blown glass powder for frost; they twist paper or silk thread to the stalk, and make the foundation on which the petals may stick. Slender wires are run through the blossoms, and a small goffering iron gives them their curl. All this is straining and fidgetty work, especially by gas light, with blistered fingers, thumb-nails worn to the quick, and the dust of paints and other materials inflaming the eyes and preparing patients for the Ophthalmic Hospital. The bright blues and carmines try the sight sadly, and the latter causes heaviness in the head. Arsenic green and verdigris blue are now seldom used; but enough is left to poison the poor "flower-girl's" existence. She works in London fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and sometimes longer. After thirteen hours' work, girls often take home sufficient for two hours more. About six thousand females throughout England and Wales are engaged in this unhealthy toil—this wretched mimicry of nature's glorious operations, and nearly half of them are in London.

Each employment adverse to health produces a specific disorder. The chimney-sweeper has his own cancer and the painter his colic. The miller falls a prey to consumption, and the knife-handle maker in Sheffield suffers from a sort of hay-asthma or from a disease of the skin, of which the pores are choked with dust. Stonemasons, pearl-button makers, shoddy-grinders, and foreign-hair preparers, all learn by diseases of the lungs how deleterious were those ever-flying particles of grit and dust which strong currents of air ought constantly to have carried away as soon as they were given off. The shoddy-grinders' fever is too well known by all who work the "devil" that tears up old rags and fills the air with minute particles of noisome dust. Thanks to Dr. J. C. Hull, public attention has already been called to several of these industrial diseases, but the proper preventives have not yet been adequately adopted. There is nothing that more completely crushes a man's spirits than the conviction that his daily pursuits are ruining his health and shortening his life, yet such is the feeling with which many a knife and fork grinder and many a cocoa-rind haft-grinder, having a large family, goes to his work. A mixed mass of powdered steel and stone is constantly thrown off in a direct line with his mouth, while he sits "horsed," with his head inclined and his elbows resting on his knees. It falls to his unhappy lot to prepare the grindstone he works with, and to render its rough surface level and smooth by revolving it slowly against a steel bar. This ought clearly to be done by other hands. The operation fills the air with dust and the lungs of the doomed artisan with steel and silex. No wonder that his average life-time is only twenty-eight years. He knows his fate beforehand. Precautions are fruitless. He toils in despair. Every branch of lead manufactory is fraught with danger. The metal acts directly on the nervous system, and is easily absorbed. It enters into the system through the fingers' ends—through the rest-finger and thumb especially of the file-maker—and exerts its influence so insidiously that a partial paralysis takes place before the workman is aware of the risk he is running. In this way the muscles of the wrist and thumb often become useless for many months. The first symptoms are disregarded, and the complaint takes root. The constitutional effects of the lead may be avoided by washing and changing the dress before meals, but unless these precautions are enforced, they are generally forgotten. Colic and obstinate constipation are the consequence, and in some cases fatal mania. Lead-casters, above all, of the first melting-room, are exposed to danger. The walls of this place are covered with a deposit of sulphur and arsenic. The sulphur issues from the lead in fusion, and the arsenic is added to harden the metal and insure the shot being spherical. The fumes of these poisons are most deadly, and demand the greatest care. Yet the sufferings

they produce are small compared with those which attend the manufacture of common lucifer-matches, that is, matches in which phosphorus is used. In a volatile state its fumes attack the bones of the jaw, and sometimes utterly destroy them. Such is the dreadful disease to which those who dip the matches into the melted phosphorus are liable. Better broil under a tropical sun, like negroes in a sugar plantation—better sleep in the "lodging shops" of the northern miners, where, in a room fifteen feet by eighteen, relays of forty or fifty men succeed each other during the twenty-four hours, and exchange the bad air of the bowels of the earth for the fumes of stewing and frying from the kitchen beneath—better endure this than tamper with phosphorus and match-dipping, and thus go down slowly into darkness that others may enjoy speedy light.

There is not, it is true, any occupation which may not become injurious to health through want of care. The scholar may lose his sight in poring over Hebrew points; the watchmaker may turn dizzy with his fine mechanism, or the toy-maker in Pekin by working too sedulously at the small paper figures, wheelbarrows, carts, and horsemen, which he harnesses to black beetles and exhibits in the streets. The sponge-diver in the isle of Calymnos, who springs from his caique and descends to a depth of thirty fathoms, may find healthy exercise in the quiet hollows of the Archipelago, or he may encounter a monstrous fish ready to devour him, and the caustic substance at the root of his sponge may burst round his neck and cause deep ulcers in his flesh. The footman in powdered periwig may lose his life through fatigue in running up and down stairs all day, and the women of Cawnpore may sink, sun-stricken, under the twofold burden of baskets and children, when returning homeward from the fields to knead the dung they have gathered into cakes to be dried for fuel. The educated have this great advantage over their poorer brethren—habit has made them more provident of health, strength, and life, as of money. They look forward, calculate, and reason more. If they were engaged in the unhealthy callings of which we have spoken, they would probably so manage as to render them innocuous; and it is therefore the more incumbent on them to offer, when opportunities occur, their advice and aid to those victims of industry who may, by a little prudence, be saved from manifold suffering. Royal Commissioners, we know, have inquired into the condition of children and young persons engaged in manufactures, but their efforts require to be seconded by individual exertion. The workshop still needs a Fry, and the factory cries for a Howard.

#### RURAL HOSPITALS.

A FEW months ago a peasant, named Blumauer, at Gross-Raming, in Upper Austria, died, leaving his two daughters a fortune of £200,000. The property consisted chiefly in 27 pieces of land, 13 blacksmiths' shops, and about 40,000 acres of forest. He had not amassed these large possessions in a miserly spirit, but had built, at his own expense, a hospital for the sick, and he declared in his will that his debtors, who owed him 48,000 florins, nearly £5,000, were entirely released from their obligations. The example set by this honest peasant well deserves to be imitated. His charity was not the result of caprice, nor mingled with social injustice. He bequeathed to his children the goods to which they had a natural claim, he evinced his general benevolence by kindness to those who owed him money, and he had during his lifetime especial care of the poor and afflicted. We need such benefactors here in England, and particularly in the country. Hospitals in the centres of industry are numerous, furnished with every appliance modern science can devise; and infirmaries for specific diseases are not wanting amid teeming populations. An enormous mass of suffering is relieved in cities; an untold amount of health and happiness is regained. The miseries and consolations of life are nowhere seen in closer and more striking connection than in walking the wards of a hospital; but the more valuable such institutions prove in the town, the louder is the call for their extension to the village.

Conducive as green space and pure air may be to health, it is certain that the condition of the sick poor in the country is often sadly helpless. The doctor, perhaps, lives far off, and the patient, who needs constant watching, is deserted by every one of the family. The hay must be carried in, the field must be hoed, bread must be earned. The withered hand of the grandmother is busy, too busy or too feeble to help the sick. Thus it is even in the village—how much worse in the lonely grange, in the shepherd's cot on the wold, in the hut among the bleak and sterile hills, the cabin in the wood, the thatched house in the lone valley by the stepping-stones of the noisy brook! How dismal is the prospect to any of their tenants

when an accident occurs! They are better off, indeed, than a poor fellow whom Sir Francis Head met with in his ride across the Pampas, and who had dislocated his thumb. His pain was intense; and when asked how far it was to where a surgeon might be found, he said three hundred miles. But though not in the Pampas plain the peasant we speak of is far, very far, from the hospital, where alone he can obtain the help and attendance he requires. He must be conveyed many miles in a cart or by railway; the agony of his wounds or joints induces fever, and he dies, too often before the operation or under it. Numerous deaths in every hospital are ascribed yearly to late arrival. Promptitude is not to be expected of the uneducated and poor. They rely on the restorative power of nature, they hope in the nostrums of their neighbours, they grudge the expense of removal, which to them appears ruinous; they fear committing themselves to strangers, and decide last on the measure which should have been first.

Such evils are not without a remedy, and it is one that has already been applied with success in several counties. We must deal with the sick in body as the clergy deal with the sick in mind. If those who live in hamlets and remote districts will not come to church, they build one at their very doors, or make a room serve the purpose for a time. In the same manner, if the sick in rural tracts cannot or will not be brought to the hospital, we must take the hospital to them. It will not be a model institution. It will bear little likeness to the Lariboisière in Paris, to the hospital of West Philadelphia, or to that St. Louis de Gonzague at Turin. But it will be in proportion to the village, what the village is to the town, and it will far surpass the provisional shed-wards which were called hospitals by the Federals in the late American war. Two hundred and fourteen of these were erected on the theatre of the struggle, and they contained, at one time, 133,800 sick or wounded soldiers. The Sanitary Commission voted 40,000,000 of dollars to assist the Government, and provide for the sufferers from the chances of battle. The village hospitals, we contemplate, may in the first instance be cottages hired for the purpose, as was the case at Cranley in Surrey, in 1859, when the cottage hospital system was tried by the vicar of the parish and a surgeon residing in the neighbourhood. Efforts of a similar description had years before been made in France, and the success which crowned them encouraged the Rev. Mr. Sapte and Mr. Napper to make the earliest experiment of the kind on this side the Channel. In such a refuge, fairly set in order, the patients will, at least, not have to complain of the timbers being rotten and displaced, the yawning thatch dripping with rain, or the wind rushing through chinks in the walls. A nurse who knows her business will attend them, and their diet will be suitable to their state. The medical care they will receive must of necessity be greater than they could hope for in their scattered and distant homes. The surgeon himself will be a more skilful practitioner in consequence of the increased opportunities he will have of operating and of observing the progress of recovery and disease. If the cottage hospital is intended for several parishes, an ambulance might be easily kept in each village for the conveyance of sick persons; and the pride of those who are better off than their neighbours need not be wounded, for it would of course be expected that all who can contribute towards their own maintenance in the hospital should do so, and thus help to keep the institution standing.

The example set at Cranley has been followed at Tewkesbury, Walsall, St. Andrew's, East Grinstead, Wrington, Fowey, Bourton-on-the-Water, and other places. These, it is true, are not all villages; but hospitals in small towns fall quite within the compass of the improvements here contemplated. In Wallsall £800 were expended on the building, but it is calculated that a cottage hospital may be supported on an average with £100 to start with, and £100 income afterwards. An attempt has been made to found one in or near Malvern, and many of the facts above mentioned have been pressed on the attention of the public in the local newspaper. It is not only the cottager who can get no proper attendance either from his own family or from neighbours that would be benefitted by such an establishment, but the unmarried man who has no family or friends, and is simply a lodger. Nothing can be conceived more deplorable than his condition when seriously ill, neglected, and alone. For every visit, moreover, that he would receive from the doctor in his lodgings he will probably have three in the village hospital. Operations which could not be attempted with safety when the patient is in his own inconvenient home, may be performed with hope and confidence when all the surroundings are favourable. Many industrious hands and stalwart frames may thus be saved for the benefit of society, to say nothing of their possessors' own happiness

and length of days. The medical officer of the Wrington Hospital calculates that the total cost of the furnishing requisite for a six-bedded house of this sort would be £70, and would include iron bedsteads with horsehair mattresses, bed-linen, easy chair, clock, common chairs and tables, kitchen-range, dresser, and bath. The estimate is rather low, but the gentry and large proprietors in the neighbourhood will, in every case, contribute gladly to an enterprise so benevolent in itself, and so likely to be useful to them, as providing a receptacle for their own servants and dependants whom they may wish to remove to a distance from them when attacked by some infectious disorder.

The Rural Hospital at Tewkesbury published its first report in January last. Thirty cases were treated there during nine months. Donations to the amount of £234. 17s. gave it a fair start; £83 and upwards were received as annual subscriptions. About £150 a year will be required to keep it afloat, and there is no doubt that this will be supplied. The rules demand a weekly payment from each patient, and this has been punctually and thankfully paid. Every reasonable facility of inspection is given to those who desire to visit the institution, and almost every week the treasurer has to acknowledge the reception of gifts in kind for the relief of the sufferers. Ground rice, tapioca, oranges and lemons, and a great variety of comforts and cordials bear witness to the interest the good folk of Tewkesbury take in the cure of their poorer brethren. In the last week, before drawing up the report, two patients had been admitted, one had been discharged, and four remained.

In the middle ages a hospital was, as a general rule, attached to each large abbey and cathedral, and as time has gone on, the number of infirmaries and asylums of every description has increased greatly in every civilized nation. More than 1,100 hospitals and hospices are reckoned in France alone. But it was not till nearly half this century had run out that health was promoted on social principles, and that politicians and men of science became alive to the fact that epidemics are not inevitable, and that the physical causes of disease may be removed. The sanitary movement, commenced in 1839, has made prodigious advances, which the occasional irruption of pestilence has not been able to arrest. Every year has given fresh proof that physical evil can be combated, alleviated, kept in abeyance, or overcome. The dwellings of the poor, the burying-place, the sewer, the cesspool, the fever district, have all been inspected closely by sanitary commissions, and science has thrown fearful light on the subject of atmospheric impurity. Many evils still demand further inquiry; such, for example, as unhealthy occupations, carelessness of infant life, inadequate supplies of pure water, excess of smoke, slaughter-houses, cattle-markets in crowded cities, the nature and habits, so to speak, of fevers and epidemics, and—to revert to our main theme—the condition of the sick poor in the country, who are precluded, by distance, from the advantages of hospitals in large towns.

#### INTRODUCTIONS.

THE practice of introducing persons to one another acts no less as a safeguard in keeping folks apart, than as an instrument for bringing them together. Sometimes it may seem a very unnecessary process to go through before two people have the right to address each other; and very often there are occasions when it is unnecessary, and when to insist upon it would be a ridiculous piece of punctilio. But to English notions, so full, our neighbours would tell us, of insular reserve, there is something comforting in the thought that we are not accessible to everybody who might choose to force himself upon us. It is answered to this, that the introduction ought never to be requisite between guests meeting at a common friend's house. The argument adduced is, that it is sufficient voucher and guarantee for every one's eligibility, that he is on the list of your friend's visitors. Excellent theory! but how full of a thousand petty vexations, if it were always to be put in practice! It ignores altogether the possibility that we are not particularly fond of our host, although duty obliges us to be at his parties; still less may we like his "set;" least of all may we appreciate the particular members of that set present there on a particular occasion. Now, we take it for granted that all our readers are persons worth knowing for many excellences. We have not a doubt that they are wealthy, handsome, and intellectual, amiable, and generally attractive, and, to put it upon grounds of the lowest selfishness, would they care for every one they met at friends' houses to have the right of claiming their acquaintance? Would they wish, in a great many instances, to have either the exertion of being civil

against their will, or the still greater trouble of being rude? Do not let us lightly break down the barrier which protects us from the "bore." It is true he will attempt to climb over it, even if it has spikes on the top, and will frequently succeed—for in many ways your bore is a man born to success—but do not let it be said of us that we pulled the railings down. An elderly gentleman claims our acquaintance, and we have not the presence of mind to dispute the claim, which is probably absolutely baseless. He then, by a peculiar tact which bores possess, lures us to a seat in one corner of the room, and planting his chair in front, draws from his pocket, say, a translation of the *Georgics* which he has made in his leisure hours—and begins to read it aloud. We draw the curtain on the scene, as this is not an *Essay on Bores*; but the mere allusion should be a warning to those who lightly propose to take the break off the ponderous machinery of Society. We may look at the safeguard of Introduction in two ways. First, as an advantage to ourselves, if we can but believe that it gives us a chance at least of keeping at a distance from us the bores, the fools, the inquisitive, the flippant, the pedantic, the enthusiastic, the bad dancers, the stupid partners, and other members of this large body, whom it is unfortunately impossible to enumerate without making a cross division. And we may regard it as an advantage to others, if we are in a peculiarly philanthropic and unusually humble frame of mind. For it is just conceivable that there are some persons in the world—otherwise highly estimable—who by some mental perversion, some pressure on the brain, think us a nuisance, too, and are pleased not to be obliged to know us, though we should be glad to know them. No doubt it is difficult to conceive of such persons being at large, when a couple of certificates or so would consign them to a lunatic asylum; and yet we can hardly ignore the fact that here and there such persons exist, blind to their own interests, if nothing worse. For others, then, as well as for ourselves, a few social checks are not unwelcome.

But as a general rule, such warnings and such restrictions are eminently unnecessary for English society. To introduce an artificial stiffness is generally like carrying coals to Newcastle. The more common difficulty with a host or hostess is not to keep people apart who would otherwise come into collision, but to induce those people to unbend who were really asked to meet one another. At a dinner party, under ordinary circumstances, there is always a sort of friendliness between the guests; although we cannot deny that there are some awful dinner-tables where a very faint buzz of conversation is frequently broken by gaps of primeval silence. Under ordinary circumstances again, unless we have been peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of guests, a dancing party must go off tolerably well. But at a large evening party with nothing to amuse the people, what chance of liveliness is left? It is not uncommon to see all the ladies sitting in a circle round the room, with a dense and timid covey of men hovering in the doorway; one or two bolder than the rest sometimes venturing to cross the room into the charmed circle. What is the remedy for this state of things? Naturally one answers, introduce the guests to one another, and so force them to be sociable. And here all the tact of the lady of the house must come out. It is a grand mistake to come to a gentleman in a sort of pleading way and say, "Now, do let me introduce you to some: there are all those young ladies on the sofa and no one to speak to them!" Human nature generally rebels against this, probably because it seems to imply that a little resistance will spare you the infliction. What we find the most unvarying triumph is when the hostess assumes, as only ladies can, that gentle imperiousness which neither knows nor could accept denial. "Now you must come across the room with me: I am going to introduce you to a friend of mine." Alas! brethren, we have no guns to silence this battery, we follow the captor drooping and restless. It is exactly at this point that the grand difficulty comes in which is the bugbear that haunts every form of introduction. When the procession consisting of yourself and your hostess halts in front of a young lady, you are conscious of a few muttered syllables, a slight inflexion of vertebrae, and your hostess has vanished, while you are left alone with your fate. The name of your new friend you failed to catch, she is equally at a loss as to yours; and the natural perplexity which presents itself to both of you is what to begin talking about. It is owing entirely to this that the weather has retained its place in preliminary conversations; it is a subject which the humblest intellect can partially comprehend, and which the coldest nature must feel at least a shadowy interest in. Every other subject between absolute strangers is fraught with infinite danger. You ask the fairest of her sex, "Were you at Mrs. Fitzbattleaxe's ball last night?" It is quite possible you may get as your answer, "We don't go to balls;" which, to say the

least, would not be encouraging. You may find that you have made an unfortunate remark in alluding to Miss Braddon's novels; you may be still less acceptable in speaking of choral services; you would like to speak about the people in the room, but they may all be her tenderly-loved cousins, for aught you know. It is perfectly true that it is the mark of a pusillanimous man to take refuge in the weather; but as far as we can see, under the present system of inaudible introduction, it remains unapproachable as a safe and generally interesting subject.

Is there nothing to be done to remove this social blot? Could we not always interchange cards, as Mr. Pickwick and his new acquaintances always did? That would make us certain, at any rate, of the name. But some other device must be hit upon for removing the subsequent obstacles to intercourse. It is told of the late Miss Mitford that she once bought a turban on her way to an evening party, and put it on in the carriage before her arrival; and the delight of the guests knew no bounds when she appeared in the drawing-room still carrying on her headdress the shop ticket, which described her as "Very Chaste, only 13s. 6d." Now this unfortunate circumstance was the result of accident only, and was not very gratifying to the feelings of the victim. But some of the grandest discoveries of science have been nothing more than the improvement of an accident; and why should not the system of ticketing be introduced on a more complete scale? If we constantly wore in society a neat placard with our names, condition, and tastes, what a delightfully spontaneous thing conversation would become! For instance, a young man might wear the unpretending inscription, "William Jones, Government clerk; Low Church, fond of the flute, likes gardening, new milk, and Longfellow's Poems. Residence, Sloane-street." How readily one might adapt one's conversation to his sympathies and tastes. Similarly a young lady might bear as her escutcheon, "Flora Bellasis; likes waltzing, billiards, hunting, and Allsaints, Margaret-street." It would be less arduous under those circumstances to introduce congenial subjects into one's conversation. But we are denied all these stepping-stones to intimacy; we are left to work in the dark with the chance of throwing out feelers and finding something tangible. And it may be that some over-sensitive minds may be disturbed by the suspicion that we are not only not doing ourselves injustice, but are actually looking foolish; and so we wish ourselves once more back at the cool and irresponsible doorway where we stood complacently before we were seized and introduced as a perfect stranger to some one whose existence is a mystery to us.

We remember to have seen, not long ago, in the Correspondents' column of the *Family Journal*, or some other oracle, the despairing question asked by "Faint Heart," how he was to overcome an irresistible shyness and tendency to blush when he was introduced; how he was, without faltering, to commence a sprightly conversation and render himself generally agreeable. Feeling that upon the solution of this question hung half the issues of social life, we waited in breathless anxiety for the next week's impression, which should contain the concentrated wisdom of the editor's answer. The answer came, and if the inquirer was not driven to suicide by its pitiless tone, he was a bolder man than he gave himself credit for. It ran thus:—"Faint Heart" is recommended, on being presented to strangers, to summon to his aid a manly confidence!"

#### ROOK-SHOOTING.

A GAMEKEEPER was once observed crawling under a hedge and making zealous attempts to shoot what he called an "old rook." When his master remonstrated with him as to the loss of time, he justified himself in these terms: "Nothing is lost, sir, in doing of a good haction." The murder of a stray rook was, in short, in his eyes an act of merit. Not that the rook injured him or his game in particular, but because, in vulgar estimation, that noisy, glossy, cheery member of society is considered a nuisance, and as such to be got rid of on any terms. We are not about to fight the battle of the rooks, dear though their name may be to every real lover of the country. The good they do no doubt more than atones for their evil deeds. But, on the whole, they are well able to take care of themselves, and we need not defend them. Our present object is merely to admire how the Englishman contrives to extract some kind of sport out of every month in the year. Of all rural sports, not excepting rat-catching, rook-shooting is about the lowest. Yet this diversion has its votaries, who count the early days in May as impatiently as the ordinary sportsman waits for the first of September. The comfortable farmer, before May is

half over, has made out his list. The city cousin, whose usual duty chains him to the desk, to the warehouse, or the shop, must be invited. The apothecary from the neighbouring country town, the lawyer's clerk, and perhaps a zealous retired draper, make up the party. The young rooks have been for the last few days gradually creeping out of their nests, and perching unsteadily on the topmost branches of their "ancestral elms," croaking and gobbling alternately. Suddenly their peace is disturbed. The hostile phalanx approaches. The lowest birds are brought down with a thud by the apothecary and draper, the farmer in the meantime condescending only to take an occasional shot at what he calls a flyer. Small boys rush through the nettles and grass to seize each victim as it falls, to perform the last duties of knocking it on the head and laying it in the black row. The children from the squire's house, who are left with the governess whilst papa and mamma are in town, come out to see the fun. The youngest girl almost cries over a small rook, which she strokes and caresses until the bailiff, with a touch of his hat, interposes. At noon there is a pause, and a long one, whilst the rook-shooters eat, drink, and are merry in the old farmhouse.

We have already said that this diversion is of the meanest kind, yet that it is diversion no one who has watched your rook-shooting individuals can deny. To the citizen the very air of May in the country is a delight; to handle a gun with success, which the most helpless creature can do when his game sits quietly to be shot at; to eat, drink, and be welcome—all this is a real pleasure to the guests. The farmer himself is just as well pleased. He is performing, as he thinks, a solemn duty in keeping his feathered enemies down. He is fond of rook-pie for himself and his labourers. He is delighting his city friends, who, in return, show him the London sights and, perhaps, take him to the Derby. The only sufferers are the rooks. But here at once the philosophy of the agricultural mind comes into play. We have already seen how it is a duty to keep down the rooks. So, says the farmer, "Bless your heart, sir, if you didn't thin' em, they'd leave nothing on the land." On the other hand, if it be suggested that this thinning process may, perchance, be carried too far, he is equally ready with an answer which at least is conclusive to his own bucolic mind. "Not shoot the rooks, sir! Why the birds would leave the rookery, as sure as fate, if they wasn't shot reg'lar." What may be the value of this opinion we know not. But it is an opinion very conveniently and very positively asserted by nine rook-shooters out of ten, and we must take it for what it is worth.

To sally out on a fine May morning and take pot shots at miserable young birds is no doubt not a very proud sport. It reminds us too much of the Frenchman's criticism when he declared that when the sun chanced to shine on a country-house in England, the first observation was, "Fine morning;" and the second, "what shall we kill to-day?" Nevertheless, there is a bright side even to this picture. Your English farmer, to whose lot it falls to shoot the rooks, contrives at the same time to give a pleasant holiday to his city friends, and a feast to his poorer neighbours. The sport he offers is hardly worthy of the name; but at all events there is no question of the strength of his ale, the juiciness of his roast mutton, and the warmth of his hospitality.

#### OUR ARTILLERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Having for some time past anxiously watched the proceedings and reports of gunnery, and, I may say, the very unsuccessful attempts to make heavy ordnance serviceable, I would wish to ask you if the new system of hydraulic gunnery has been brought under your notice? The invention consists of laying, loading, firing, non-recoil, &c., &c., by hydraulic power. The gun cannot burst, unless worn out by age or service, and manual labour can almost entirely be dispensed with, the application of the power is simple and inexpensive, and can be attached to any of our present guns, either breech or muzzle-loaders.

The inventor is a friend of mine, and an Irishman, and has produced this invention to prove by the rapidity of firing heavy shot the inutility of iron-clad and French ships.

Yours,

Cork Club, May 28, 1866.

A BRITISH OFFICER.

I enclose my card.

As Mr. Roach Smith, the Kentish antiquary, made a museum of Roman, Saxon, and other antiquities fished up from the bed of the river Thames some time since, so the Baron Haussmann has determined upon forming a similar collection of curiosities from the bed of the Seine. It appears further that M. Legras has already sold his coins and antiquities taken from this river to the Baron, as a foundation for the proposed City museum.

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

It is fortunately true that everything has an end. The only chance of surviving such extreme trials of human endurance as the extravagances of our Carnival bring is to recur constantly for comfort and support to this axiom—it must end. True, it becomes a question, after a time, and a serious one, whether endurance or the trial of endurance will come to an end first; but the port is now in sight, and, with ordinary good luck, the storm of dissipation which has swept over us promises to pass away ultimately innocuous. How much poor men have done and suffered during the prevalence of the storm cannot be told, it can only be felt. Imagine such a day as the following, no exaggeration, and by no means of uncommon occurrence. About a quarter to seven some weary creature wakes from a disturbed sleep and from dreams of anything but sober mathematics to a twofold consciousness, the one of the past, the other of the future. He remembers that he only got to bed at three o'clock, after unwonted Terpsichorean exertions, and he remembers that if he does not get up at once and dress in ten minutes, he will be late for chapel; and if he is dean, that would not do. Chapel over, he hurries off to a half-past eight breakfast to meet some friends from a distance in neighbouring rooms, rushing away at nine to instil correct principles of kinetic science into a score of sleepy minds, whose bodily abodes are worn down by boat-races and cricket-matches and balls and suppers. At ten he passes on to another lecture, a little Butler perhaps, or some intellectual trifle of that kind, for an hour. At eleven he holds a reception for men out after statutable hours the night before, and feels a painful consciousness of the fact that the men know he only came in at three o'clock himself, and perhaps are aware of the little mishap by which he signalized his attempt to go the wrong way round in a crowded room. During this hour, too, he gets a business letter written for the mid-day post, leaving five or six more unanswered from want of time. At noon he is invaded by a bevy of bonnets—or d'Oyleys, as the French correspondent of the *Telegraph* calls them—and parasols, come to be taken to the Backs, or the Fitzwilliam, or the Fellows' Gardens, or some other sight. Half-past one sees him returned, and entertaining the aforesaid party at luncheon, which meal is violently broken in upon by the recollection that the Rede lecture is at half-past two, and every one will be there, and one must go early to secure places. The five quarters of an hour which he spends in audience of Professor Thomson and his alarming facts concerning millions of millions of something,—no one is sure what, but it is either square feet or horses—are very painful, for he knows that he will be expected to give an explanation of it all afterwards, and he can only hear half of what is said, and understands about a third part of that. The lecture over, a rush is made to see a lady give the prizes to the University Rifle Corps, but luckily "God save the Queen" greets the party on its arrival on the lawn of King's, and so that part of the day's programme is struck out. But alas! it is a Lernæan Hydra the poor creature is struggling with. The prizes may be over, but is there not a bazaar, and is there not a flower-show? Away as fast as possible to the pleasant grounds of Sidney, where are presumably flowers, for it is a flower-show, and there is a tent; but all that any one can say is, that there is a crowd. The Volunteer bazaar must then be visited, if only for five minutes, and every one knows how dreadful a thing is a bazaar to a well-regulated mind, especially if resident in a tolerably weary body. At five there is a tremendous feast in the hall, one of the worst trials of a day of trials—heavy brown sherry and clumsy waiters, dull neighbours, and no backs to the benches, ending with a combination-room resounding with the noise of persons whose physical frame enables them to be noisy after such a day and such a dinner. About eight some inconsiderate musician has bidden him to coffee and a little classical music in a distant college, and between whiles he has his kinetics to get up for the next morning—no one will venture to be so absurd as to call them dynamics any longer, now that Professor Thomson has given the Senate House his mind on that subject, any more than we shall dare to speak of atoms or to believe in geologists and Sir Charles Lyell, after the utterances (*Scottice*) of the same oracle. Beside the kinetics, there is an examination paper to be made, and the Pitt press is very clamorous for papers just now, fearing a recurrence of the annual pressure which results from every one bringing his paper to print on the same two days, and requiring a hundred copies in thirty-six hours' time. The paper and the classical music done, there is three quarters of an hour for beginning a sermon for the College chapel next Sunday, and for wondering how in the

world that rash engagement to preach for a parochial friend on the Sunday evening is to be adequately fulfilled, for it ought to be a Trinity sermon, and our hero has not such a thing ready. Then it is time to dress for a boat-club ball, and there for four or five hours he toils and talks, and says it is delightful and knows it is a ghastly lie, getting back to his rooms in full morning light, a most pitiable object, his only consolation—and that a poor and somewhat hopeless one—being that with which this veracious picture commenced, “it must come to an end.”

Perhaps to a well-dressed person the procession of boats on Saturday evening was the most trying single event that has come off in this terrible fortnight. Imagine the aristocratic sanctity of the lawn of Kings invaded by a surging mob, the academic silence broken by the cries of ladies unduly and uncomfortably compressed in the middle of a reckless crowd which has gravitated to a stout barrier placed at the end of the bridge. Across this bridge none may pass save those who bear the Vice-Provost’s sign manual on a magic strip of paper. Three heroes in the familiar garb of the British policeman keep the way, as in days of yore the Pons Sublicius was kept against a crowd not nearly so urgent, and certainly better disciplined. The heroes are stern, as befits their office, and are also, as is equally fitting, or at least usual, very slow. Admission is by a narrow opening in the barrier, guarded by a stout bar, which swings in a vertical plane, and this bar descends, with all the vigour that a stalwart peeler’s arm can impart, upon many a fair head which has believed prematurely that the dangers of the strife are over and the haven won. The victim is pinned there till such questions as may occur to the brain of the man in office are asked and answered, and only after toil and much suffering is the quieter shore reached, where ladies are seen arranging their shaken and torn plumes after the struggle, as birds after a hostile encounter with birds. As far as the boats were concerned, the procession was very well arranged, and was an unusually pretty sight.

The honorary degree day was rather dull. Only Professors Phillips and Thomson appeared to represent the five new doctors; and we are to create Professor Sedgwick, Dr. Hooker, and A. de Candolle, on the 31st (to-day). The Vice-Chancellor had sent round a notice to each individual undergraduate requesting that the speeches of the Public Orator and the recitations of the prize poems might not be interrupted by unseemly disturbances in the galleries. One consequence was, that he was much hissed and groaned when he approached—a reception which surprised the members of the Senate, and was not deserved. The undergraduates took some of the points of the orator’s Latin speech very quickly, and highly approved of his mention of the *lectissimæ mulieres* who graced the assembly, cheering him when he observed that as we cannot statutorily admit them to degrees in the University, we must at least do what lies in our power—namely, intermit graver studies, and give place to the lighter muses of dancing and song. At the end of this part of the performance the galleries put it to the Vice-Chancellor whether they had not “been good boys.” They rather forfeited that temporary character when the recitations came on. One of the prizemen talked modern Greek, which sounded like Ashantee or Timbuctoo, supposing those two languages to be different, and his success was not great. The audience in the galleries having observed the gracious manner in which the Vice-Chancellor received the first two prizemen and complimented them in an undertone, were ready with the words of command when the third man appeared, crying out—“Receive him with a bland smile!” “Kiss him!” The English poem they annotated rather freely. The young poet commencing one stanza with “Oh shame!” they gravely filled up the pause with “Ah, sir! what had you been doing?” When he went on to state that he was “the first and saddest of a line of kings,” they broke into vehement dissent, and would not have it at all; and when he came to “Not yet, nor thus the end,” they groaned aloud. Finally, when the authorities were all gone, they stormed the closet of the Senate house-keeper, and carried off in triumph his dusters, his brush-pole, and, last trophy of all, the Turk’s-head brush itself, which was long tossed about the Senate House-square.

What pen shall describe the Rede lecture, delivered in Glaswegian Scotch? We know now, thanks to Professor Thomson, that the “dissipation of energy” is the opposite to the “conservation of energy,” and that while natural forces are always having their energy dissipated by its being called into action and passing into minute molecular motion, it is not, on the other hand, true that the reverse process of conserving energy is going on. And so—blessed words of hope when applied to this energy of dissipation, to which we are all such groaning slaves when applied in the crisis of the May term—all things are coming to an end. As there was once a time, so there will

again be a time when the earth will be unfit for human habitation. We spin round faster and faster every year, to so large an extent that in a century we lose ten seconds, so bad a time-keeper is our globe. The earth contracts as it cools, and becoming smaller spins faster. At the rate of ten seconds’ increase in a century, it will probably not happen that the fatal rapidity will be acquired in our days. Such of the undergraduates as were present were amused by an explanation of the peculiar motions gone through by the coxswain of an eight-oar, and were informed that an elastic bag of fluid would perform motions exactly the contrary of these. More than once the Professor took occasion to speak very highly of the theoretical training given in Cambridge, regretting however that it was not more carried out to its practical development; and when he lamented the entire devotion to “senseless problems,” the Greek Professor’s applause led off the cheering of the galleries, by which the younger men no doubt intended to protest against mathematics altogether.

All notice of graver subjects must be deferred for another fortnight, when there will be various matters to discuss, if so be we get safely over the present attack of visitors and distractions.

#### THE “LONDON REVIEW” IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXII.—DIOCESE OF FERNS—ROMAN CATHOLIC THEOLOGY—THE MEDIATORIAL SYSTEM—POSITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—“THE MONTH OF MARY”—THE VIRGIN ALTARS IN THE WEXFORD CHURCHES—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—THE ASSUMPTION—FRANCISCAN FRIARY—EXPENDITURE ON ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS IN THE DIOCESE OF FERNS—THE ESTABLISHMENT ECLIPSED BY VOLUNTARYISM—COST OF ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC DIOCESES OF KILDARE, LEIGHLIN, AND OSSORY—NEW CATHEDRAL IN KILKENNY—THE BLACK ABBEY—TASTELESS DECORATIONS—VISIBLE WORKING OF CATHOLICISM IN IRELAND—PROTESTANTISM INVISIBLE—OPEN CHURCHES—PICTURES OF ROMAN CATHOLIC DEVOTION—PROTESTANT RITUALISM—THE TRUE SOURCE OF INFLUENCE FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY.

THE Roman Catholic revival during the last quarter of a century in Ireland has taken a direction in regard to doctrine and worship which may be regarded as an innovation of very grave import. The doctrinal system which prevailed up to the present generation was what might be called—to adopt a Protestant phrase—“Low Church.” The tone of controversy, wherever it was adopted, was rather apologetic, and the policy defensive rather than aggressive; and there seemed to be everywhere a desire to present what Protestants regard as the errors of the system in a mitigated form. There was no compromise certainly with regard to fundamental doctrines, such as Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the Mass; but the worship of the Blessed Virgin and the intercession of the Saints were very much explained away, while the Mediation, as well as the Atonement of Christ, was asserted and prominently put forth in catechisms and popular treatises on Christian doctrine. But since the passing of the Emancipation Act, and more especially since the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated, there has been a strong tendency, accelerated from year to year, to magnify the Virgin, and to give her the place on the Throne of Mercy, and the position as an all-powerful mediator, which Protestants hold to be the peculiar prerogatives of the Redeemer. It would be a very interesting inquiry to ascertain the cause of this change. The Divine wisdom manifested in the scheme of Redemption has always been the theme of admiration, chiefly because of its adaptation to the wants of human nature. To prove the supernatural origin of Christianity it has been argued that sinners would not dare to approach the Deity, if He were presented to them only in His aspect as the Supreme Ruler, infinitely just as well as irresistible in His might and awful in His majesty. But when His Son condescended to lay aside His Father’s glory, to come down from His eternal throne, to take human nature upon Him, to be born of a woman, to live amongst men in a humble rank, to suffer from the ordinary wants of humanity, to be tried and afflicted like sinful men, in order that He might be “touched with a feeling of their infirmities,” and be able to sympathize with them thoroughly in all their misery, as “a brother born for adversity,” at the same time mysteriously mingling all the gentleness, tenderness, and even feebleness of human nature with the

power and majesty of God; when He consummated a life of perfect virtue and self-denial by suffering the most ignominious and painful death as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, in order to open up a way of salvation and to reconcile a falling and rebellious race to their offended Creator; and when, to crown all, He rose from the grave, ascended into Heaven, and even upon His throne at the right hand of the Father retained His sympathy and compassion, still "bending from Heaven a brother's eye," still pleading earnestly and irresistibly for all who trust in Him; when all this has been done, Protestants believe that nothing has been left undone by which penitent, weary, heavily-laden sinners can be encouraged to approach the Throne of Grace, and be drawn by the Holy Spirit from evil courses to a life of obedience, animated by the purifying hope of eternal glory. But the Church of Rome seems to think that something more is necessary. In the position which she has assigned to the Blessed Virgin in the Mediatorial system, she has availed herself to the utmost of a source of attraction which has been in all ages most powerful with the heart of man. In woman he beholds the most beautiful object in creation, one whose form excites his admiration, whose trusting tenderness and devoted attachment inspire him with love, whose virgin purity he holds to be sacred, whose affection as a wife and a mother fills his heart with the warmest regard and the most grateful esteem. The Mother of Jesus appears in the Church of Rome invested with all those sweet, endearing attributes exalted, intensified, etherealized in the highest possible degree. She is presented as a model of perfect beauty, adorned with all the most winning graces of her sex, born without sin, and living without an impure thought, yet with a heart yearning with affection for sinners. She is a virgin mother, holding the infant Saviour in her arms, and gazing upon Him with all a mother's fondness. She stands by His Cross at the last hour, faithful when all other friends had failed Him, undismayed by the terrors which surrounded Him, unaffected by the infamy of His death. Finally, she follows her Risen Son to share His glory without feeling the power of death, and appears crowned as the Queen of Heaven, with all the authority as well as the affection of a mother—as "The Mother of God," as well as the mother of "the Man, Christ Jesus"—and having the power to command her Son, as well as the privilege to plead with Him for her clients.

Such is the position which the Blessed Virgin holds in the Roman Catholic system of Divinity, as it exists at present, and has done for a long time on the Continent, for when the present Pope issued his decree on the Immaculate Conception, against the remonstrances of many of the most learned divines, he was but giving expression to the prevailing belief which the Jesuits and other religious orders had been inculcating for ages. I do not advert to the subject for any polemical purpose, but merely to state matters of fact as fairly as I can, and to account for the things which I am about to describe in connection with Roman Catholic worship in this country. Most of my readers are aware that the month of May is now specially dedicated to the Virgin, and that it is called "the month of Mary." It is generally ushered in by pastorals from the Roman Catholic bishops prescribing certain devotions. But I think Protestants generally are not aware of the extent to which Roman Catholic zeal manifests itself in connection with this devotion to "the Queen of Heaven." My attention was specially called to it on my visit to the Enniscorthy Cathedral on the 4th of May. I have already described the decorations of the Virgin's altar there. On visiting the Christian Brothers Schools adjoining, I found on the right at the top of the upper room, in which the advanced pupils are taught, a small statue of the Virgin and Child, standing in a beautiful shrine or tabernacle amidst floral ornaments. The Christian Brothers, who had charge of the school—exceedingly nice, gentlemanly young men, dressed in black gowns with square caps—explained that the May devotions to the Blessed Virgin had sprung up in Italy, and now prevailed very much in Ireland. I had plenty of proofs of this in the town of Wexford, where there are two splendid new churches, with grand towers, built almost exactly alike, in cathedral style; erected also at the same time, and chiefly through the exertions of the same priest. One of them is called the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and the other the Church of the Assumption; both, therefore, specially dedicated to the Virgin Mary. There could be no mistake about this in the mind of any one visiting these splendid places of worship, which are fitted up admirably with seats to the very doors, finished in the most approved style, and with a degree of taste that would do honour to the best cathedrals in England. Behind the high altar there is a very large window of stained glass, and a similar one of smaller dimensions at each side. To the right is

Mary's Chapel, with an altar brilliant and gorgeous in the extreme. There is a beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child, before which three lamps were burning during the day, and in the evening eight or nine dozen of candles are lighted, while ten or twelve vases are filled with a variety of flowers, kept constantly fresh, and producing the most brilliant and dazzling effects for the worshippers, who are nearly all attracted to this favourite altar, the beauty and splendour of which throw the altar of Christ completely into the shade. Generally, indeed, the Saviour appears only agonized on the Cross, His hands fastened with nails, and the blood flowing from His pierced side, or else lying dead in the Sepulchre. It is only the Virgin that appears arrayed in beauty, crowned with majesty, and encircled with glory. Her altar in the Wexford Church of the Assumption is decorated in the same style as the Immaculate Conception, but not with so much elaboration. Great local sacrifices must have been made for the erection and furnishing of these two churches, with their magnificent towers and spires, but much of the money came from Great Britain and the colonies; and to a question which I put on the subject to my guide, I received for answer that it came "from all parts of the habitable world."

But beautiful as those two new churches are, they are surpassed in internal decorations by the Franciscan Church of this town. This is a perfect gem in its way—so elegantly painted and ornamented, and so nicely kept, so bright and cheering in its aspect, and evincing such regard to comfort in all its arrangements, that we can easily conceive it to be a very popular and fashionable place of worship. It is not cruciform, but built in the shape of an L. To the left of the principal altar, at the junction of the two portions, stands in impressive prominence the altar of the Virgin Mary, which is covered by an elevated canopy, resting upon white and blue pillars with golden capitals. Upon the altar stands a very beautiful marble statue of the Virgin. Three lamps burn constantly before it. One hundred candles are lighted round it in the evening with half a dozen gas-burners. Floral ornaments are in the greatest profusion and variety. There are four large stands on the altar floor, two others higher up on the pedestal, and a number of small vases with bouquets ranged on the altar. The Friary attached to the church presents a picture of order, neatness, and cleanliness, which seemed to be a reflection of the characteristics of the "English baronies," showing how national idiosyncrasies and social circumstances affect religion. In fact, a community of Quakers could not keep their establishment in better order than these Franciscans keep their friary. I observed a great contrast in this respect in the Roman Catholic establishments of Waterford and Thurles. Wexford, indeed, is quite a model town in the Roman Catholic Church. There are three other places of worship besides those already mentioned—the college chapel and the nunnery chapels, and certainly there are no people in the world perhaps, not excepting the Romans themselves, more abundantly supplied with masses. There is a mass for working men at five o'clock in the morning, there are masses daily during the week at later hours, and no less than six or seven on Sundays in each of the principal chapels, or churches as they are now generally called. The college is a large building, and in connection with it is the residence of the bishop, Dr. Furlong. Two facts will show the paramount influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the diocese of Ferns, which is nearly commensurate with the county of Wexford: no Catholic in it dares to open a public-house on Sunday, and no fair or market is held upon any of the Roman Catholic holidays. If a fair chances to fall upon a holiday, it is transferred to some other day in the week. It must be said, to the credit of the Roman Catholic clergy of Wexford, that a better-conducted people than theirs does not exist in the United Kingdom.

The proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants in this diocese is 9½ to 1. Very large sums have been expended during the last fifty years on religious edifices of various kinds. The new churches and chapels in the principal towns and throughout the country are stated in the "Irish Catholic Directory" to have cost £112,800; parochial houses and houses of regulars about £20,000. Dr. Howlett, of New Ross, grand-nephew to Bishop Doyle, states that in his opinion £20,000 ought to be added to this estimate for these two items. The sum of £10,000 has been spent on the diocesan college, £10,500 on the erection of the Christian Brothers schools and on parochial school houses, while, during the same period, nine convents have been built at a cost of £27,000. The sum total for the half-century is given in the Directory as £180,400; but, according to Dr. Howlett, it should be £200,000. The proportion of Roman Catholic children in the National schools of this county is stated to be 147 to 1. But it must be remembered that the Established

clergy in that diocese, almost to a man, have unfortunately set their faces against the National schools, greatly to the detriment of the Protestant people.

Before leaving the town of Wexford, I must notice the humiliating contrast presented by the Established Church in point of ecclesiastical architecture. After admiring the magnificent proportions and towering grandeur of the Roman Catholic churches, occupying commanding sites, the visitor finds with difficulty the parish church in a narrow street. To say that the building is old and ugly would be saying little. Its dark, heavy, old-fashioned walls and roof, its semicircular windows, its rusty iron railings in front, and iron gates fastened with big padlocks, all give one the idea of an ancient Bridewell shut up and deserted for want of prisoners. It is really most discreditable to all parties concerned to have such a building for a parish church in a town like Wexford. I would advise the Rev. Mr. Peed, the incumbent, to try his *biologizing* power upon the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and make them build a church of which Protestants need not be ashamed. We have too many such monuments as the old church of Wexford to prove the truth of what the Dean of Cork said the other day in a letter to the Rev. W. C. Plunket, that there is no people in the world who do so little for their religion as the laity of the Established Church of Ireland.

In this diocese the Roman Catholics have 150 primary schools, three of which are convent schools, deriving no aid from the State, and six are monastic schools. They have also 80 public circulating libraries. The number of parish priests is 40, and of curates 72. The total number of priests is 129, of whom 13 are regulars. There are nine convents, with 121 members in community, and four monastic houses.

I have already noticed what was done by the late Bishop Doyle in the united diocese of Kildare and Leighlin with regard to the erection of ecclesiastical edifices. A respected parish priest, the Rev. P. Carey, of Borris, has kindly furnished the following particulars of what has been done in that direction since his time. In the united diocese there have been erected—

120 chapels, at from £1,500 to £2,000 each .....	£200,000
14 convents, at £2,500 each.....	35,000
2 colleges, at £15,000 each .....	30,000
2 friaries, at £5000 each .....	10,000
4 Christian Brothers establishments .....	2,000
2 monasteries .....	4,000
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Total ecclesiastical buildings.....	£281,000

He cannot estimate the cost of primary schools and parochial houses, which must be very great. For example, in his own parish there are nine schools for poor children, and they were all built by the voluntary contributions of the people. The "Irish Catholic Directory" does not furnish the cost of ecclesiastical buildings in this diocese, so that the statistics above given are the first that have been published. The educational establishments in the diocese are St. Patrick's College, Carlow; Clongowes Wood, Kildare, and the seminaries of Mount Rath, Tullow, Newbridge, and Kildare. The total number of primary schools is 253. The Bishop is the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, who was consecrated in 1856. The total number of secular clergy is 132, and of regulars 22. There are 14 convents, with 196 members, 5 monastic houses, and 4 Christian Brothers establishments. The total number of churches and chapels is 122.

Ossory, which is united to Ferns in the Protestant arrangements, is a diocese by itself in the Roman Catholic system. The present Bishop is the Right Rev. Dr. Edward Walsh, consecrated in 1846. He resides in Kilkenny, just opposite his new cathedral, in a modest sort of manse, such as a country rector might occupy; and he is so little mindful of appearances that he allows the pillars at his gate to be covered with placards, containing announcements of charity sermons, &c., in his churches. There is a college at Kilkenny with 180 students, of whom 60 are designed for the priesthood; the number of parish priests is 41, curates 60, regulars 12. There are nine conventional establishments and one Christian Brothers establishment, which is a fine new building adjoining the cathedral, and erected by the contributions of the Young Men's Catholic Association. Here, again, the "Catholic Directory" fails to give the expenditure during the present century on ecclesiastical buildings. The new cathedral is very beautiful indeed; the magnificent tower is too large and lofty in proportion to the length of the nave, but it has a grand effect when seen from a distance. Within, the church is very commodious, and fitted up quite comfortably with sittings for about 1,000 persons, and standing-room for about 1,000 more.

The Black Abbey is one of the very few ancient ecclesiastical

buildings still in the possession of Roman Catholics. Its property, as we have seen, was given to the corporation, which, till the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, was exclusively Protestant. Only a portion, however, of this interesting ruin still survives. The Abbey was founded in 1225 by the Earl of Pembroke, who was buried there. It belonged to the Dominican order, to which it was restored by the Reform Corporation. The brethren undertook the restoration of the church in such a manner that the whole when complete should be ornamental to the city, and should be a striking monument of the good feeling and liberality of the age. But the attempt to accomplish this object has been a melancholy failure. Very little of it has been in keeping with the original style of the building, while the tawdry decorations within are in the worst possible taste, contrasting painfully with the solemn grandeur of the original. This contrast has been heightened to the utmost by the erection of an altar, presented by a wealthy citizen, which cost £500. It is a piece of elaborate finery, which inspires anything but reverential feeling, and reminds one of the bridal architecture of an artistic confectioner. The restoration of St. Canice is conducted on the right principle of making the cathedral as like as possible in every respect to what it was originally. The Dominicans should imitate this good example, if it would not now be a work of supererogation after the erection of the new cathedral. Still, if there was room for the abbey church in old times, there ought to be room for it now. The new cathedral is constructed of the best materials, planned after the finest models and finished in excellent taste, without any incongruous ornamentation.

In visiting the towns of Ireland, especially south of Dublin, we are everywhere struck with the actual and visible working of the Roman Catholic system. We see the parish churches with their square towers or their tall spires pointing to heaven; but the Established religion is invisible. The churches are locked, and access is not to be obtained except by searching for the sexton who keeps the keys, unless in a few places, which are open for daily service for a couple of hours in the forenoon, after which the building is hastily shut up. Not so in the Roman Catholic Churches, all of which are constantly open from morning till night. The visitor, albeit a heretic, may enter unquestioned, and even, if he wishes, approach the altar, and examine everything at his leisure. Nor will he ever find the church empty. Either there is a priest celebrating mass for a congregation of devout worshippers, or there is a group kneeling near a confession box, waiting for their turn to disburden their consciences, or there are penitents here and there counting their beads or reading the Penitential Psalms, or "going round the stations," in the performance of the penance imposed upon them,—or nearly all these things are going on at the same time. And what a strange mingling of ranks and classes on such occasions. Richly dressed ladies, beautiful girls, ugly starved-looking old women, tottering old men, miserable invalids, cripples, beggars,—all are at home there, and all equal before that altar or that confession-box. There are several of these boxes, two, four, or six in a large church, each having the name of the priest who hears confession there,—the Rev. John Roche, the Rev. Peter Synott, the Rev. Thomas Furlong, or the Rev. James Murphy, as the case may be—the penitent being at liberty to choose his or her own confessor. I was greatly struck with the earnestness and prostration of spirit evinced by the poor people in these Roman Catholic places of worship. They never enter the sacred precincts without using the holy water, and making the sign of the Cross, never pass before the altar without kneeling, and I have seen old men and women when leaving the place stoop down and kiss the floor. To these people the priest in the Confessional represents the Holy Ghost, and is possessed of the Divine power of remitting or retaining their sins, of binding or loosing their souls, and when he stands upon the altar celebrating mass, and elevates the Host to be adored, they firmly believe that he holds in his hands the Son of God, the Saviour of the World. They consequently regard him with a feeling of awe, and a spirit of submission of which Protestants have no conception.

There is a good deal of controversy now going on in Ireland on the subject of ritualism in the Established Church. Some of the clergy are endeavouring to compete with the priests in costume, ceremonials, forms, genuflexions, &c. The laity, and the majority of the clergy, detect under all this an insidious design in the performers to make themselves priests, and to bring in the dogmas which, in the Church of Rome, form an essential part of the sacerdotal system. They may or may not be right in this judgment, but one thing is clear that without the doctrines the ceremonies are unmeaning. If there be an altar and priest, there should be a sacrifice; but Protestantism

utterly rejects anything of the kind under the Christian dispensation. The Protestant laity of this country have no faith whatever in the sacerdotal pretensions of those High Church revivalists. The latter may fancy, however, that their services would be more impressive and edifying if conducted with the ceremonial accompaniments used by the Roman Catholic priesthood. They might as rationally suppose that a doctor's prescription would be more effectual if he wore a black gown or a white surplice, or that it would lose its effect if he visited his patients wearing a moustache and a black necktie. The real influence of the Protestant clergy must ever depend upon the power of their preaching and teaching, and on the earnestness, consistency, zeal, self-denial, devotedness, sympathy, and diligence, with which they prosecute the work of the ministry. By no sort of priestly devices, or studied formalities, or ecclesiastical millinery, can they compensate for the absence of these qualities. In the open daylight of Protestantism they need not hope to evade the realities and responsibilities of their position by wrapping themselves up in sacerdotal vestments, turning their backs on the congregation, or veiling themselves in clouds of incense.

## FINE ARTS.

## MUSIC.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA has gained another success by her appearance in "Dinorah," which was given for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday last. We have had almost as many different representatives of the heroine of Meyerbeer's opera as of Margaret in Gounod's "Faust"—both characters offering peculiar inducements to singers of special powers and ambition. While recognizing much that is admirable in Mdlle. Ilma de Murska's Dinorah, we cannot accept it as the best, or as even equal to some others that we have seen. There is throughout a self-consciousness, as well as consciousness of her audience, that do not properly belong to the simple rusticity of the character. Dinorah, it is true, is a coquette even in the midst of her greatest distraction; but there is a wide difference between the artful coquetry of the ball-room flirt and the transparent and (to speak paradoxically) ingenuous little airs and graces of a village belle. In this respect especially Mdlle. Ilma de Murska's Dinorah is inferior to several that we have seen; while in vocal execution it is also open to criticism. The characteristics of her voice and style, as we have previously said, are the brilliant and dazzling rather than the genial and the sympathetic. Hence her slumber song in the first act was comparatively ineffective. The duet with Corentino was given with much point and archness; but the chief success was in the shadow song, which was sung with a dashing energy that, if not absolutely faultless in mechanism, was admirable for its buoyancy and impulse. The excellence of Mr. Santley's Hoel and Signor Gardoni's Corentino is so well known as to need no new comment. The scenic effects, by Mr. Telbin, are extraordinary, considering the limited space afforded by the small stage of Her Majesty's Theatre—utterly inadequate for the requirements of modern grand opera. The chorus is excellent, and the orchestra would merit the same superlative praise were the brass instruments, long drum, and cymbals a little less obtrusive; but the conductor, Signor Arditi, has a decided *penchant* for noise, and this is perhaps the only fault that can be set against his admirable fulfilment of the duties of his office.

Signor Nicolini, the new tenor, who made his first stage appearance at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, as Edgardo, in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," has a voice of agreeable quality, although not of remarkable power. He sings like a cultivated artist, almost invariably with refinement, and occasionally with dramatic force. The tremulousness of his voice is probably to be attributed to the anxiety which even the most experienced artists feel on first coming before a new public. The impression created by Signor Nicolini was so decidedly favourable that we look with much interest for his promised appearance in "Fra Diavolo," which is shortly to be given with Mdlle. Pauline Lucca as Zerlina. The performance of "Lucia" just referred to was the same, apart from Signor Nicolini's *début*, as in former seasons, including the exquisite singing of Mdlle. Adelina Patti as the heroine.

The sixth concert of the (elder) Philharmonic Society, on Monday last, offered another instance of the fluctuating style of these performances; the orchestral playing being greatly superior to that of the previous concert. The following was the programme:—

## PART I.

Symphony (No. 2) in E flat.....	Gounod.
Aria, Herr Rokitanski, "Questi avventurieri"	
(Il Seraglio) .....	Mozart.
Concerto (No. 3) in C minor, Madame Arabella	
Goddard .....	Sterndale Bennett.
Aria, Mdlle. Titien, "Non mi dir" (Don	
Giovanni) .....	Mozart.
Overture (Gillaume Tell) .....	Rossini.

## PART II.

Symphony in A .....	Beethoven.
Cavatina, Mdlle. Titien, "Arden gl' incensi	
(Lucia di Lammermoor) .....	Donizetti.

Duetto, Mdlle. Titien and Herr Rokitanski,	
"All' opra, orsù" (Fidelio).....	Beethoven.
Overture (Preciosa) .....	Weber.

Gounod's symphony (which has already been given at the Crystal Palace Concerts) is far inferior to the composer's similar work in D—which, being less ambitious and written with greater fluency and self-dependence, is proportionately more successful. The symphony in E flat, while containing many graceful passages and much effective and clever instrumentation, is so largely composed of reminiscences (chiefly of Beethoven's third, seventh, and ninth symphonies) which do not amalgamate with Gounod's prevailing style of French grace and piquancy, that the effect is almost as heterogeneous (to use a rather extreme metaphor) as would be the admixture of the Chinese and the Gothic styles in architecture. Gounod seems scarcely to have that basis of scientific resource which is essential to great success as a composer either of symphonies or sacred music. He has a flow of agreeable melody, not very varied, however; frequent tenderness of expression without much depth, an admirable command of orchestral effect—all which qualities we believe to have culminated in his "Faust," where he has also occasionally reached a height of dramatic power which we believe to be exceptional with him. That he will ever approach greatness as a symphonist or a church writer we much doubt. Professor Bennett's Concerto (his best) has rarely, if ever, been heard to such advantage as on this occasion, when Madame Goddard was playing her best. The great mechanical difficulties of the work are as nothing under her unlimited powers of wrist and finger; in this respect it has long been impossible for Madame Goddard to improve, but on the present occasion her performance was characterized by a greater distinctness of rhythm and clearness of phrasing than usual, together with a more moderate use of the damper pedal, and the result was such as to leave no room for even hypercriticism. The effect was great and universal, the performer being recalled, and Professor Bennett having to turn round from his conducting desk to acknowledge the tribute paid to him as the composer—a capacity in which he appears to much greater advantage than as conductor of an orchestra. The chief feature of interest in the vocal music was the magnificent song from the "Seraglio," which was finely sung by Herr Rokitansky, and with a facility of execution which could scarcely be expected from so powerful a voice.

Among the concerts of the past week was that of Mr. Charles Gardner, a professor of merit, who displayed considerable powers as a pianist in various solo and concerted pieces—introducing also Bennett's elegant "Three Diversions" for four hands, the primo part very neatly played by Mr. Gardner's pupil Miss Lucy Clinton. Features of special interest in the programme were Herr Straus's admirable performance of Bach's Chaconne for violin solo; and a Fantasia for the flute by Tulou, charmingly played by Herr Svendsen, whose tone, style, and execution, are of the very best order.

## THE LONDON THEATRES IN PARLIAMENT.

THE Theatrical Licences and Regulations Committee renewed their sittings last Monday, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, and examined Captain Shaw, of the Fire Brigade, Mr. Charles Kean, Mr. Charles Reade, and Mr. F. G. Tomlins. Captain Shaw's evidence went to show that the old London theatres are very faultily constructed, and very ill-provided with water at a proper level, and experienced firemen in case of fire. Mr. Charles Kean signed for the old days of the patent theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, thought that any extension of the dramatic licenses would "degrade the drama," and appeared to wish that the existing twenty-three metropolitan theatres could be reduced to eight or ten "patent" theatres under managers like those who allowed Madame Saqui to dance on the tight-rope at Covent Garden, and made John Kemble the companion of real and sham elephants at Drury Lane. Mr. Kean, while stating that he thought too many theatres already existed, admitted that 500 dramas had been sent to him during the nine years he held the Princess's Theatre. He expressed himself in favour of giving ballet and pantomime to the music-halls.

Mr. Charles Reade followed Mr. Kean, and complained that, as a dramatic author, he suffered from the narrowness of his market, and the competition of "piratical" French translations. He is in favour of free trade in theatres, but thinks the licenser of plays ought to be maintained, because dramatic stories on the stage assume a "flesh and blood form." He is willing to let music-halls represent light pieces, operettas, and ballets, and wants the law of international copyright altered and improved. Mr. F. G. Tomlins stated that in Shakespere's time there were seventeen London theatres to a population of 300,000, and that the audience smoked and drank as they do now in the music-halls during the performances. He is in favour of granting dramatic licenses to music-halls on the ground that it would improve their entertainments, and spoke from personal knowledge of the orderly and respectable character of music-hall audiences. Mr. Tomlins has had forty years' experience of the stage, and as a prime mover of the agitation which led to the minor theatres obtaining the right of performing the drama, he is familiar with all the old protectionist arguments which were used to sustain the old patent theatre monopoly. The managers of the minor theatres then pleaded as the music-hall proprietors now plead, and the patentees used the arguments about the "degradation of the drama," which the thea-

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trical lessees now make so much of. Mr. Tomlins, like Mr. Reade, thinks that acting, as an art, has not deteriorated, but that the style has altered, perhaps for the better.

So many people entertain an honest belief that the patent theatres did much to sustain the highest order of acting and dramatic writing, that it may be well to quote the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1832, to inquire into the State of the Law affecting Dramatic Literature, and which consisted of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Lamb, the Earl of Belfast, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Gally Knight, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. John Stanley, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Evelyn Denison, Lord Porchester, Mr. Lennard, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Gillon, Mr. William Brougham, Mr. Alderman Waithman, Mr. Jephson, Colonel de Lacy Evans, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Henry Bulwer, Mr. Duncombe, Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir George Warrender, and Lord Mahon. The report of this Committee, dated July, 1832, commences by saying:—"In examining the state of the Laws affecting the interests and exhibition of the drama, your Committee find that a considerable decline both in the literature of the stage, and the taste of the public for theatrical performances is generally conceded. Among the causes of this decline, in addition to those which have been alleged, and which are out of the province of the legislature to control, such as the prevailing fashion of late dinner hours, the absence of Royal encouragement, and the supposed indisposition of some religious sects to countenance theatrical exhibitions. Your Committee are of opinion that the uncertain administration of the laws, the slender encouragement afforded to literary talent to devote its labours towards the stage, and the want of a better legal regulation as regards the number and distribution of theatres, are to be mainly considered." In section six of this report the Committee thus speak of the patent theatres:—"In respect to the exclusive privileges claimed by the two metropolitan theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, it appears manifest that such privileges have neither preserved the dignity of the drama, nor, by the present administration of the laws, been of much advantage to the proprietors of the theatres themselves. And your Committee, while bound to acknowledge that a very large sum has been invested in these theatres, on a belief of the continuation of the legal monopoly of exhibiting the legitimate drama, which sum, but for that belief, would probably not have been hazarded, are nevertheless of opinion that the alterations they propose are not likely to place the proprietors of the said theatres in a worse pecuniary condition than the condition confessed to under the existing system."

There was no more "finality" in the theatrical freedom thus recommended in 1832, and afterwards adopted, than in the political freedom secured by the Reform Bill of the same period.

SCIENCE.

THE numerous applications of sulphur compounds to the arts and manufactures show us the advisability of carefully investigating, by means of experiment, the properties of sulphur. This opinion has quite recently received confirmation from the fact that, in making some experiments, a foreign savant has just discovered a sulphur combination which promises to be of great commercial value. M. Zaliwski-Mikorski thought to unite sulphur with the resins, as is done with caoutchouc, and found that by mixing liquid sulphur with various foreign bodies he produced a substance resembling indiarubber. By combining, for example, tar and sulphur he obtained a compound which, while it possesses extreme plasticity, is capable of resisting most chemical corrosive reagents. By dissolving indiarubber in sulphide of carbon saturated with sulphur, he produced a viscous matter which may be painted upon wooden articles, and will protect them from the influence of corrosive acids.

A curious mode of producing electric light has recently been discovered in some of the scientific societies. The light developed is intended to be employed for photographic purposes, and is said to possess an *actinic* power vastly greater than sun-light.

The cholera in Liverpool has been got under, and the press is beginning to congratulate the country upon so fortunate a result. This is all very well, but it behoves us to keep a strict surveillance over the vessels which bring the German emigrants into the country. The danger is still far from past, and we think the *Daily Telegraph* is hardly justified in insinuating that the Liverpool cases were not those of genuine Asiatic cholera. In the presence of undoubted evidence such as we possess concerning the recent epidemic, it is a striking display of ignorance to assert that the deaths attributed to cholera were due to some bastard disease between cholera and ship-fever.

The advocates of spontaneous generation will be glad to know that a work just published in America strongly supports their hypotheses. The author, Professor B. J. Clark asserts, in a very decided manner, that he has seen the conversion of the fibrille of muscle into the low vegetable organisms known as *Vibriones* and *Bacteria*. For ourselves we are much disposed to doubt the accuracy of Professor Clark's reasoning, though we freely concede the truth of his observations. It is extremely probable that he saw the muscle decompose and numerous vibrio become developed, but to adopt the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument in such a case would be about as rational as to say that the maggots which infest decomposing flesh were spontaneously developed from the substance

undergoing change. In both cases the germs are present before the perfect organism: in the one they are transported in the air, in the other they are deposited by industrious blue-bottle flies.

*A propos* of recent meteorological inquiries, a good suggestion has been made to the French Academy by M. Leverrier. The French astronomer thinks that the great seaports of the country should be in constant communication with the central meteorological department, that the latter should collect the meteorological statistics of a large extent of country, and should send daily reports of its results to the several seaports. He also suggests that a comprehensive examination of the state of the atmosphere should be made both morning and evening.

At a very recent meeting of the Society of Arts, an important discussion occurred relative to the value of granite as a building material. The question was asked, at what rate the granite forming London Bridge was being worn away, and to this, Professor Tennant, of King's College, replied, that the foot pavement of London Bridge wore away at about the rate of one-eighth of an inch in four years. The effects upon the parapets is best seen at Waterloo Bridge. Some years ago an alarm was raised regarding this bridge, and it was asserted that the granite had decomposed to such an extent as to render the bridge unsafe. But observation shows that this alarm was unfounded; the obelisk of Heliopolis, which is at least 3000 years old, is still in good condition. We need not, therefore, have much fear for our bridges.

Professor Ansted has just broached a theory concerning the relation of mud-volcanoes to the source of petroleum, which deserves attention. In Sicily, before the commencement of the late eruption in the island of Santorin, a jet of muddy water at a high temperature was thrown out on the flanks of Etna, which contained a slight quantity of petroleum or naphtha. Hence Professor Ansted concludes that mud-volcanoes and petroleum-springs are intimately related. The petroleum is distilled by volcanic agency from beds of organic matter, and the presence of mud-volcanoes may be held to indicate the existence of neighbouring carbonaceous deposits.

The view we laid down in a late number regarding the introduction of the Sphygmograph into this country has been fully supported in an article in Saturday's *Lancet*, which shows that Drs. Ansted and Sanderson were the first English physicians who employed the new instrument.

Mr. J. Bockett has just pointed out a serious defect in the "double objective holder" now used by microscopists. It consists in the want of correspondence between the optical centres of any two object-glasses. Mr. Bockett has contrived an ingenious apparatus for obviating the error.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·10 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about three-tenths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 109½ to 109¾ per cent. With the present high rate of discount prevailing here there is a profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

Consols are now quoted 87½ to ¾, with div., for money, and 86½ to ¼, ex div., for the account (June 6).

Railway securities have scarcely varied, the settlement engaging attention. Foreign stocks, though not much changed in price, are strong. The chief feature is an active demand for Greek Bonds, which have risen 1 per cent. American securities are well supported.

In Colonial Government securities Canada 5 per Cents. were dealt in at 76½; Mauritius 6 per Cents. (1882), 103; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 86½; New Zealand 5 per Cents., 70; Queensland 6 per Cents., 97 8½; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and October), 101 2.

The railway traffic returns published this week are swelled by the traffic of Whitsun week. Last year Whit-Monday did not occur till the 5th of June.

The London and North Western Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £12,917 over last year; the Great Western an increase of £7,239; the Great Northern an increase of £989; the Midland an increase of £9,299; the Great Eastern an increase of £6,817; and the London and South Western an increase of £5,138.

The *City of Paris*, from New York, has brought £740,000 in gold, and the *Palmyra* £62,000. Other steamers, which sailed at the same date, will bring, it is said, about £260,000. These amounts, with those recently received by the *Scotia*, make a total of nearly two millions, although the news of the stoppage of Overend, Gurney, & Co. had not yet arrived out. That event occurred on the 10th, and the *China*, due on Friday or Saturday, will bring advices of the effect created by it. The demand for the gold for the present remittances had been met by free sales on the part of the Government at 190, but an opinion prevails that the next mail will quote a much higher rate of exchange.

It is announced that Messrs. Enthoven & Sons, merchants, of Moorgate-street, have suspended payment, with liabilities estimated at from £250,000 to £270,000. The suspension is attributed to the failure of Messrs. Pinto, Perez, & Co., and to the firm not being enabled to obtain advances on their securities in the present state of the market.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE ODES OF PINDAR.\*

It would be a strange thing to be told nowadays that Count Lagrange or Mr. Merry had secured the services of the poet laureate to celebrate a Derby or Ascot victory. Still stranger would it be to find that under such inspiration the poet composed an ode, in which an easy transition was made from "Gladiateur" to Charlemagne, or from "Rustic" to the Knights of the Round Table and "Mythic Uther's son"; strangest of all, if the composition concluded with the familiar words—

"How blest is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk;  
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk!"

And yet there is something not unlike this programme in the Epinician Odes of Pindar, which were composed to commemorate some victory in the chariot-race, or foot-race, or athletic games. For Count Lagrange read Hiero; for Gladiateur substitute Pherenicus; for King Arthur put Hercules or any other hero, and in place of the verse from Tate and Brady set one or two of those sententious moral maxims which are interspersed in the Pindaric Odes; and there is, at any rate, something of a parallel drawn. Or at least there would be something like one, if the Derby and the Olympian games would bear comparison. But when we have acknowledged that horse-races formed the principal entertainment at both the one and the other, and that they were patronised by the highest and wealthiest classes, the likeness between the two ends. For the Olympian games combined all the importance of an international congress with the sanctity of a religious festival, and this can hardly be said of the Derby. It is not easy to overrate the deep connection of these games with the national and political life of Greece. The month in which they were celebrated, every fourth year, was kept sacred, and religiously observed by cessation from war. Deputations from various States attended at the ceremony in an official capacity; the audience was strictly select, slaves and women being absolutely excluded. The whole festival was supposed to be under the direct patronage of the Olympian Jupiter, whose temple and sacred enclosure hallowed the spot, and whose colossal statue in ivory and gold by Phidias, at a somewhat later date, presided over the celebration. Although the actual prize, which was so hotly contended for by all whose riches or whose strength gave them a chance of victory, was only a branch of sacred olive, yet the Eleans permitted a statue of the victor to be erected side by side with those of demigods and heroes in the Altis or holy grove; so it is not to be wondered at that the most powerful States were anxious for such an honour to be conferred upon one of their own citizens, or that they rewarded his prowess by peculiar privileges and immunities. We can see now that such a victory, ennobled by so many glories, and connected with such historical and mythical associations, was no contemptible inspiration for the lyric poet. And what has been said about the Olympian games applies in kind, though hardly in degree, to the Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian celebrations, which were all immortalized by Pindar. Yet we have no such easy explanation to give of the form which his commemorative odes assumed. The first thing which strikes the reader is the abruptness and even the occasional incongruity of the digressions in which he indulges after dealing with the subject most immediately in hand. He flies off at a tangent, as we say—into a long and sometimes rambling legend about gods, and heroes, and nymphs, introducing here and there a few "valuable remarks" about the advantages of virtue, and the drawbacks of envy, and the danger of conceit. Then he checks himself suddenly, and by some metaphorical expression announces that he returns to his subject: he will shoot no more random arrows; he will ship his oars, and drop anchor. So rapid is the process of the poet's mind that he scarcely seems able to work out the different ideas which present themselves to him: his metaphors are suggested, and dropped for a new thought; his moral reflections take the form of allusions or hints; and if in one sense we call Pindar a master of language, in another sense we may say that his language was the master of him, a single word often being sufficient to divert the course of his rapid eloquence, and turn it into a fresh channel. This is not said in disparagement of Pindar's style, still less of his genius. Considering the modes of thought and phases of feeling which characterized the poet's age, we can honestly endorse the verdict which Quintilian passed upon him a century later than the celebrated Horatian panegyric:—"Of the nine Greek lyric poets, Pindar is the chief in spirit, in magnificence, in moral sentiment, and in metaphor; most happy both in the abundance of his matter and of his diction, and, as it were, with a torrent of eloquence, so that Horace says no man can imitate him."

We have made these remarks upon the rapidity, the abruptness, the complication of the poet's style with especial reference to Mr. Tremenheere's "Translations from Pindar." Abandoning the attempt which previous translators have made to retain in their verse something of the irregularity and varying motion of these Odes, he has given us selections from them in blank verse. Of course, this is at once a disavowal of any effort to represent the

characteristics of Pindar to an English reader; for, even if we take no account of the passages omitted, and their connection with the Pindaric method, we cannot accept the monotonous march of ordinary ten-syllable lines as any equivalent for the broken periods and rapid touches of the original. Perhaps the opening passage of the first Olympian Ode will illustrate this as well as any other. We will translate the Greek quite literally, and compare it with Mr. Tremenheere's version. Pindar says:—

"Best of elements is water; most precious of riches is gold, that shines out like a flaming fire in the night; but if it is of Games, my heart, that thou fain wouldst sing, look not in daytime for any bright star in the empty sky more cheering than the sun, nor can we celebrate any contest more noble than the Olympic games."

Mr. Tremenheere renders this:—

"Great as the gift of water to the world,  
More valued than a treasure of pure gold  
Which, like a fire illuminating the night,  
Outshines all other brightness; in renown  
As far beyond compare as is the sun  
That in the burning mid-day shines alone  
In the wide starless tracts of desert air;—  
No less a fame is thine, unmatched Olympia,  
Queen of the peaceful strife as of the song."

Now, our translator expressly supports his choice of epic blank verse because its adoption "not only renders obligatory, but facilitates, the greatest faithfulness to the ideas, and the nearest possible approximation to the exact expressions, of the poet, sentence by sentence, with no greater expansion than is occasionally necessary 'to reach and bring to light the poet's inner spirit.'" But may we not ask whether the comparison between the relative merits of water and gold, or the accumulation of epithets, "wide, starless, desert," or the antithetical line, "Queen of the peaceful strife as of the song," are to be found at all in the original? We cannot help feeling that our translator has smoothed over the rough-hewn surface which is so characteristic of Pindar with a coat of cement. The appearance may be more uniform, but it tempts us to travesty the dictum which described an Emperor's architectural triumphs, and to say, "Lapidem invenit, stucco reliquit."

We select another passage from the seventh Olympic Ode, commencing—

"Yet Jove rained down upon them great prosperity—  
A very flood of gold."

The words in the original are—

. . . κείνοις δέ μὲν ξανθὰν ἀγαγών νεφέλαν  
πολὺν ὑστε χρυσόν.

"He brought over them a yellow cloud, and rained down gold in showers." Now, without stopping to grumble at the twelve syllables of the first line, which is not in itself very melodious, nor at the "prosperity," which is very prosaic, we do plead, in the name of all that is picturesque, for our "yellow cloud," which is infinitely better than any padding, like "great prosperity."

The twelfth Pythian Ode opens with an address to the city of Agrigentum, and Mr. Tremenheere gives us some rather graceful lines in his version. Two of these run thus:—

"Thou that delightest in the splendid scene  
Where Proserpine once dwelt among her flowers."

These verses sounding unfamiliar, we turn to the Greek, and all that we find there is Φιλάγλας, Περσέφωνας ἔδος, "lover of splendour, home of Persephone," merely meaning that Agrigentum was a city of great elegance, and had a temple dedicated to Proserpine. We cannot feel that these two quoted lines form "the nearest possible approximation to the exact expressions of the poet:" indeed, as Agrigentum is leagues away from the plains of Enna, the version is simply misleading.

Once more we are called back to the seventh Olympian Ode by a very unintelligible translation. We find that among the honours paid to Tlepolemos was a—

μῆλων κνισσάσσα πομπά (Olymp. vii. 80),

which is rendered in Mr. Cookesley's note (our translator's great authority), "a procession of victims accompanied with frankincense," while L. Dissen gives it more accurately, "nidorosum sacrificium ovium in pompa ductarum." What, then, are we to make of—

"The odorous sheep, that walk with silent steps  
And slow—a meek procession—to the fane"?

It is painfully true that sheep are very odorous, especially in warm weather, but the connection of such an idea with κνισσάσσα, and the whole picture of the "meek procession with silent steps," is beyond our comprehension. For we must not let Mr. Tremenheere off on the score of his being too timid to give a literal rendering to quaint expressions, since nothing can be more literal or quaint than—

γλυκεῖα δὲ φρήν  
καὶ συμπόταισιν ὄμιλεῖν  
μελισσῶν ἀμειβέται τρηγῶν πόνον.

. . . while his intercourse  
Among his friends and equals has a charm  
Sweet as the cellular labour of the bee.

(Pyth. vi. ad fin.)

\* Translations from Pindar into English Blank Verse. By Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Edward Moxon & Co.

The most successful translations in the book seem to be those of the more sustained and philosophic passages. A good specimen may be found in the 12th Olympian, where we have an accurate and dignified version of the original :—

" Fall oft the hopes of men, now high, now low,  
Reel like a skiff upon the surging wave ;  
Fall oft they float upon a sea of vanity  
And falsehood. Never was it given to man  
To read with an assured eye the signs  
Of things to come ; and blind are all the guides  
That would forecast the future. Much befalls  
The very opposite of hoped-for pleasure ;  
And often, when a storm has crossed our path,  
We have exchanged in a short space of time  
Our sorrow for a deep and lasting joy."

We recognise the sense very adequately given, but cannot accept it as a poet's representation of a poet, for it is spoiled by such common-places as "the very opposite of hoped-for pleasure." The famous address to the lyre which forms the opening of the first Pythian Ode is thus given :—

" 'Tis thine, whene'er the pointed lightnings flash,  
To quench the fiery bolt, and thine the power  
To quell the eagle on Jove's sceptred hand.  
Dark clouds of slumber shroud his bended head ;  
Beneath the potent charm his eyelids droop ;  
His vigorous wing on either side drops down ;  
While sleeps the King of Birds, his yielding back  
Responsive to his breathing swells and falls."

We feel tempted once more to subjoin a literal rendering of the Greek. " And thou quenches the pointed bolt of ever-streaming fire ; while on the sceptre sleeps Jove's eagle, king of birds, drooping on either side his rapid wing, and then dost shed a cloud of darkness on his beaked head—sweet spell to close the eyes ; and he slumbering heaves his pliant back." This is only the baldest version of the words, but it tells us that Mr. Tremenheere has missed *ἀγκύλῳ κράπι* and *ἀερίῳ πνυρός*, and that he alone is author of the "responsive to his breathing." As to the versification itself, the monotonous cadence of each line, ending with a monosyllable and a pause, makes it very heavy to read. The well-known paraphrase of Gray, although it does not profess to be a translation, seems to us to convey much more of the spirit and movement of the original :—

" Perched on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terrors of his beak and lightnings of his eye."

Mr. Tremenheere seems to weary of his work after the Pythian Odes ; it is even possible that he began to doubt whether blank verse did not belong to those things of which a little goes a good way, unless the writer be a perfect master of rhythm. Yet it is possible really to have a love for one's subject without being quite competent to meet the difficulties of it ; and we trace a loving hand in not a few passages which are both graceful and faithful to the original. We cannot, however, call the work as a whole a fair representation of Pindar to the English reader, nor do we think that Horace would recognise in it his imitable bard, his Dircean swan, of whom he declared—

" Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbris  
Quem super notas aluere ripas,  
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo  
Pindarus ore."

#### NAPOLEON'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE first exploit of Cæsar in his new province was one of which it is difficult to over-estimate the importance. The Helvetii were a very dangerous people, and on their territory more than one Roman army had met with a fate unlike that which usually waited upon the legions of the Republic. This powerful and restless people determined to leave the narrow lands they had so far held, shut in hopelessly by mountains on all sides, for richer and more expansive settlements towards the west. If they had carried out this determination, the fertile regions of the Roman province would never have been safe from them, being guarded by no great natural boundary, such as those which had hitherto shut in the Helvetii, and checked their marauding tendencies. To enable the small force at his disposal to frustrate the attempt of this vast mass of emigrants to cross through a part of the Roman territory, Cæsar carried a wall, nineteen or ten miles long, according to different readings, and sixteen feet high, with a trench, from the Lake of Geneva to the Jura. The course of this wall used to be pointed out running north-west from the shore of the Lake of Geneva to the hills ; but this account was so evidently absurd that the Emperor does not even allude to it ; and here we may remark that he is generally too shy of mentioning rival sites in making his topographical statements, and that we are sometimes not admitted to a knowledge of the reasons why such and such a view has been preferred to others.

\* The History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. II. London : Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

Of this supposed wall it is enough to say that every foot of it would have been on Helvetic territory ; that it would have had a difficult river immediately in the rear ; and that Cæsar's own account makes the barbarians cross the Rhone from the north before attacking the wall. A Commission was set on foot, some few years ago, by the Genevese, to inquire into the probable site of the wall, but we have not seen the report of the Commission. The Emperor's account is a very rational one, developed from an idea of his own. He came to think that, in spite of Cæsar's detailed measurements of length and height, that general only made up here and there the natural fortification which the course of the Rhone provides, being of the nature of a deep fosse, with steep scarp and counterscarp, all the way from Geneva to the Fort de l'Ecluse, where it passes through the Jura under Mont Vuache—a mountain, by the way, which local engineers say must fall across the bed of the river before long, in which case the Lake of Geneva would fill the whole valley. The absence of sensible vestiges of a continuous wall suggested this idea in the first instance. The Emperor despatched a commandant of Engineers to survey the banks of the Rhone accordingly, and Baron Stoffel's report shows that of all the nineteen Roman miles (which reading the Emperor gives, without mentioning the other reading, ten miles, which would make strongly for the exploded view of the wall) only 5000 mètres would require special fortification, or about one-sixth of the distance given by the development of the course of the river. This explanation of the text is all pure supposition, and, however reasonable, we must say that it seems to be decidedly in the teeth of Cæsar's expression, *milia passuum decem novem murum in altitudinem pedum sedecim fossamque perducit*. It explains, however, the rapidity with which the work was accomplished, and its invincible strength, and it receives support from a passage of Dion Cassius ; but, being only supposition, the following detailed and unqualified statement appears to be rather bold :—

" The only places where an attempt could be made to pass it (the Rhone), because the heights there sink towards the banks of the river into practical declivities, are situated opposite the modern villages of Russin, Cartigny, Avully, Chancy, and Cologny. In these places they cut the upper part of the slope into a perpendicular, and afterwards hollowed a trench, the scarp of which thus gained an elevation of sixteen feet."

There is nothing to show in support of this beyond a slight undulation on the slopes near Chancy and Cologny, which appears to denote the work of man. There can be little question, however, that the Emperor is in the main right, and no one who has studied Cæsar attentively will quarrel with the liberty taken with his text.

But the Emperor has in most cases some more definite ground than this to go upon. The positions of Gergovia, Uxellodunum, and Genabum, have been so many problems, to which various solutions have been given. The Portus Itius, and the place of Cæsar's landing in Britain, are still the centres of a warm controversy. The question of the site of Alesia is even now being fought in France with a vehemence peculiarly French, and the Franche Comté, Burgundy, Bugey, and Savoy, are all claimants of the honour of possessing the true Alesia. On these and many similar questions the Emperor speaks without hesitation. He has brought to bear upon them all the apparatus of modern science and all the resources of engineering skill. When an Emperor at the head of an army of engineers sets himself to work upon such questions, something ought to come of it. The site of the ancient Gergovia (*Arvernorum*, not *Boiorum*) has been placed for long, with unusual unanimity, on a mountain which still retains the name Gergoie, six kilomètres to the south of Clermont-Ferrand in Auvergne. A memoir in opposition to this view may be found in the sixth volume of the Academy, by M. Lancelot ; but the other view has prevailed almost universally. The Emperor accepts Gergoie as the site of the oppidum of the Arverni ; but it is a useful lesson, in the glorious uncertainty of such investigations, to find that his plan of the proceedings and works of the siege differs in a most striking manner from one published three years ago by a French military man, though the two investigators agree completely in the main features of the situation. The Emperor puts the great and small camps of the Romans on the S.E. and S. of the place, his predecessor on the N.W. and W. ; and so the double fosse connecting the two camps runs E. and W. in one case, and N. and S. in the other. With this as a beginning of differences, it may be supposed that the general plan in the one case is like the other turned upside down, and it would be edifying to set the Commandant Baron Stoffel and the *Capitaine en retraite* Girard face to face, and hear the matter discussed. Each supports his view with such convincing arguments, proving the absurdity of any explanation but his own, that our confidence in the accuracy attainable by such means as Cæsar's narrative provides is much shaken.

Uxellodunum is another curious example. Captain Girard has a learned note upon the site of this oppidum, where a strife in every way so interesting was played out. In the department of Corrèze, on an early spur of the Dordogne, stands Ussel. On the Dordogne stood Uxellodunum ; and the two names are sufficiently alike to suggest Ussel as the modern Uxellodunum. At Ussel, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Line Sarrette has conducted investigations which have determined the position of the three Roman camps, and, above all, of the subterranean galleries by means of which Cæsar sapped the springs which supplied the Gauls with water, and so reduced the place. M. Sarrette concludes that here, as at Gergovia, the admirable fidelity of the histories of

Cæsar and Hirtius receives a new illustration. But, unfortunately, the Emperor's opinion, supported by a tolerably general agreement of opinion in D'Anville's time, is that the *Puy d'Issolu* (or *le Puech d'Ussoldu*, as its name is given in the Delphin edition of Cæsar, being nearer in sound to Uxellodunum) is the true site. Even in D'Anville's time, the subterranean course of the stolen water was known to exist, and the Emperor's investigations have left no doubt on the subject. The windings of the Roman workmen as they cut through the tufa, and turned now this way and now that, to avoid the live rock which cropped up here and there, can be accurately followed now, and the Emperor's conclusion doubtless is, as was M. Sarrette's, that the fidelity of Cæsar and Hirtius is most remarkably illustrated by the discoveries thus made. Genabum is another difficulty. D'Anville observes that in his time a certain *savant* had desired to compliment Auxerre by making it the site of Vellaunodunum, and, in order to do this, had been obliged to shift Genabum from Orleans, its received position, to Gien. From the time of King Robert of France, Orleans has been Genabum, and the Delphin notes assert that Gien (*Giemacum*, not *Genabum*) cannot be the place. The Emperor shows as convincingly as usual that Gien is the place, explaining away certain stubborn historical facts by the supposition that the inhabitants of Gien, after having escaped from the destruction of their town, descended the river, and formed a new settlement where Orleans now stands. Any one who has seen Orleans will agree with the Emperor that it is not at all the sort of position for a Gaulish *oppidum*; but that objection would tell even more strongly against the suggested second settlement.

But the site of Alesia is the greatest difficulty. Here, as in similar cases, the Emperor takes no account of the sites which have been put in competition with that which he affects, namely, Alise Sainte Reine. The excavations he has had carried on at this place do certainly seem to point most conclusively to the Mont Auxois as the site of the famous *oppidum* of Alesia, where the last struggle of Gaul against Rome was brought to a disastrous conclusion. The peculiar works described by Cæsar have been traced with the greatest precision, and among a large number of coins found here—none of later date than 700 A. U. C., the siege of Alesia having taken place in 702—has been found one of Vercingetorix. The Emperor does not, however, meet the almost insuperable objection which lies in the smallness of area of Mont Auxois. His Imperial uncle, who knew as well as most men how an *Imperator* could lie in the reports of his battles, boldly assumed that Cæsar had immensely overstated the numbers of the troops opposed to him, and cut down the 80,000 fighting men left after the departure of the Gallic cavalry to something like a suitable number for holding the round hill of the Auxois for a month. The *oppidum* of Alaise, near Salins, is a dangerous rival to Alise Sainte Reine, for there is on that large plateau abundant room for all the troops of Vercingetorix, and many topographical considerations, upon which it is impossible to enter here, make decidedly for the Franche Comté. The controversy between these two places is carried on with a vehemence which nearly equals the violence of the strife waged round the *oppidum* in Cæsar's time. A third claimant is the plateau of the Fossard, near the Gallo-Roman temple of Izernore; and this neighbourhood will abundantly repay the trouble of visiting it. The coincidence in the local names near the Fossard with the events of Cæsar's narrative are very striking, one of the best instances being the hamlet of Lilia, the most remarkable of Cæsar's novel defences, constructed solely at Alesia, being called by his soldiers, as he tells us, *lilia*, from their resemblance to the flowers of that name. Now, however, that the Emperor's investigations have discovered at Alise the very pitfalls themselves to which the name of *lilia* was given, the curious coincidence loses its weight. Novalaise in Savoy is a fourth claimant, having appeared in the field only a few months ago. The French papers asserted some time since that the publication of the present volume was delayed in order that the Emperor might have time to investigate the pretensions of the new claimant; but neither Novalaise, nor Chales, nor Alaise, is honoured by a notice in his book. In addition to these various competitors, Ours de Mandajours published a book in favour of Alais in Languedoc, in 1715, and other theories besides have from time to time found favour in France. Any one who will take the trouble to look on the map will see how widely apart are Alise Sainte Reine, Alaise, Izernore, Novalaise, and the capital of the Cévennes; and the fact that each of these sites finds its claims on a strict interpretation of Cæsar's text, starting from Gergovia as the point of unanimous agreement, is an apt illustration of the much-lauded accuracy of the Commentaries. Highly as that work is praised for its precision and clearness, it is in truth exceedingly obscure; and, as an instance of the uncertainty of Cæsar's phraseology, it may be remarked that, in interpreting the text with a view to determining the position of Alesia, different writers give all varieties of meaning to the word *flumen*, from a brook a yard across to the Rhone itself. The main features of Alesia, a hill with a *flumen* on two sides, faced by a plain three miles long, and surrounded by other hills of almost like elevation with itself, are evidently features which are reproduced in various parts of France; still, a writer to whom such great accuracy and power are attributed as Cæsar has the credit of, might surely have inserted a few words, while proposing to describe the place, which would have enabled posterity to decide from the look of the hills whether Alise or Alaise, places so very different the one from the other, meet the requirements of the case. And for it to be possible, consistently with the text, to make the Roman troops march north,

east, south-east, and south from a given spot, the march being described, is no great praise to the historian.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the original Cæsar, however, the modern Cæsar has fairly won for himself a high place among commentators by this volume of his work. It stands on a very different level from that which the first volume attained, and is not open to many of the objections which were so freely raised against that instalment of the "Life of Caesar." The third volume will be the greatest test of the Emperor's power as a historian, and we look forward to it with much more of hope now than was possible when the first volume alone was out.

#### MEXICO IN 1864-5.\*

POVERTY, ignorance, superstition, fever—a climate so given to extremes that for four months out of the twelve it is always raining, while for the other eight it never rains at all—a proneness to anarchy so inveterate that no experience of its evils seems sufficient to cure the people of their folly—a country of which the physical characteristics are as often ugly as agreeable, and a debased civilization, almost worse than utter barbarism—such are the leading features of Mexican life and scenery; and it must be admitted that they do not present much subject-matter for a pleasant book. Most things in Mexico are forbidding. It is true that the country is associated with a very remarkable period of Spanish history; but the conquest of Montezuma by Cortes and his chivalry is a record of cruelty and shameless spoliation whereon, despite the romantic elements in which it abounds, the mind refuses to dwell. Since then, the story has been uniformly dull, sordid, and shabby. Spain simply used her American possessions as a means of enriching herself; yet that Mexico and the other Transatlantic colonies have gained nothing by establishing their independence, the miserable history of the last forty or fifty years sufficiently attests. Liberty, which alone has made many nations, has done nothing, and is not likely to do anything, for the mongrel race which peoples the land of the Aztecs. A horde of degenerate Indians, crossed in the towns by a small proportion of scarcely less degenerate Spaniards, holds out but little hope of a future better than its past; and, though a strong monarchical government, established at the ancient seat of empire, offers the best guarantee of something like order being evolved out of chaos, the prospect, under existing circumstances, does not seem very encouraging, since it is a matter of great doubt whether the Mexicans will accept the rule of Maximilian, and it is obvious that the French Emperor is tired of his luckless scheme, and will back out of it as soon as possible. We must say, therefore, we see little that is attractive in the subject of Mexico; and it is probably for this reason that we find Mr. Bullock's volume rather toilsome reading. A dreary and depressing atmosphere of meanness surrounds the whole picture; we pass from one scene of wretchedness to another, and are at length strongly moved to shut up the book in despair.

It was on the morning of November 29th, 1864, that Mr. Bullock and his companions on board the *Solent* sighted the snow-capped peak of Orizaba, which, though far inland, is seen for an immense distance along the coast. Shortly afterwards, they dropped anchor in the roads of Vera Cruz, which, on landing, they discovered to be a dull and sleepy place. The charms of the city are not improved by the frequent visitations of northerly gales, which blow such a storm of sand about the streets that doors and windows must be fast shut, or the houses would be filled with the invading aridity. People go abroad in spectacles, to protect their eyes from being lacerated and blinded; and such enormous sand-banks have been piled up to the landward of Vera Cruz that no water can escape through to the sea, the consequence of which is that "the tract of country outside the sand-hills is in the rainy season converted into a pestilential marsh, which exhales those deadly miasmas which make Vera Cruz the grave of so many Europeans." Ten or twelve years ago, the people were terribly priest-ridden, and no doubt willingly so; but Juarez, during his term of power, knocked the churches, monasteries, and convents to pieces, and secularized their property for the use of the State, so that ruins of religious edifices are to be seen all over the city, and some of the churches are used as warehouses for cotton and hardware. The population consists chiefly of Indians (Juarez himself is a full-blooded Indian), and Mr. Bullock says that "the first thing that strikes you about them is their extreme squalor and poverty-stricken appearance." Yet they have also a gentleness of manner, and a certain innate refinement, which distinguishes them from negroes as much as the difference in their features and colour. Their demeanor is marked by an intense melancholy, which but seldom leaves them, even in the fits of drunkenness in which they constantly indulge. It is only on the outskirts of the empire that the Indians retain all their original savage tendencies. As a rule, they are quiet to impassiveness, unless when inflamed by priestly exhortations; and for the most part they stand aloof from politics, though sometimes they will follow leaders of their own blood into the field. They form nearly two-thirds of the population, but are of course very much in subjection to the European race. In the villages beyond Vera Cruz, these wretched descendants of the once powerful and splendid Aztecs are reduced by utter poverty and neglect to such a state of degradation that, says Mr. Bullock,

\* Across Mexico in 1864-5. By W. H. Bullock. London & Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

"they seem almost to belong to the brute creation." Our author had many opportunities of observing them as he journeyed from Vera Cruz to Orizaba, partly by rail (on which he travelled at a very slow rate), and partly by diligence. The country between the former of those cities and the capital is very various in its physical features, and also in its climate:—

"The journey from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico—a distance of some 250 English miles—divides itself naturally into three stages, corresponding with the three climates of the country—which answer roughly to the three zones, into which the terrestrial globe is divided. Its *Tierra Caliente*, or hot region, extends from the sea to an elevation of some 3,000 ft.; its *Tierra Templada*, or temperate region, between the elevations of 3,000 and 5,000 ft.; and its *Tierra Fria*, or cold region, from 5,000 ft. upwards, attaining in the valley of Mexico 7,190 ft.; and in the valley of Toluca, the highest story of the country, 8,450. The mean temperature of the *Tierra Caliente* is 77° Fahrenheit; of the *Tierra Templada*, 68° to 70°; in the city of Mexico (*Tierra Fria*) the mean temperature is 64°. Each of these districts distinguished by its own peculiar vegetation, and where the transition from one to the other is sudden, the effect is very striking. Unhappily, however, this is not the case on the most frequented road in the country—that from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico; so that travellers, whose experience is confined to this single road, have little conception of the wonderful effects produced by the sudden contrasts of climate in other parts of the country. For instance, the traveller going down from Mexico to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast, from the summit of the pass, which leads out of the valley of Mexico, a region of almost perpetual snow, beholds in the valley of Cuernavaca, which is stretched out at his feet, a tropical vegetation, and a few hours of descent bring him into the midst of sugar and coffee plantations."

Elsewhere, Mr. Bullock says that, owing to the want of trees, the Mexican table-land "may be compared to a yellowish-brown table-cloth, from which the *Tierras Templada* and *Caliente* hang down like a green fringe." It appears from Prescott's historical work on Mexico, that, in the time of the Aztec dominion, the table-land was covered with forest trees, which the Spaniards cut down, the better to remind them of the barren plains of their own Castile.

A little beyond Orizaba, to which town they are a kind of industrial suburb, are some large cotton, calico, and paper factories, under the management of Mr. Grandison, a Scotch gentleman, who is also part proprietor. These works give a degree of life to Orizaba which is not generally apparent in Mexico. The work-people are mostly Indians, and live in large blocks of dwellings attached to the factories. Terribly addicted to drunkenness as they are, their association with these important branches of skilled labour has raised them to some extent, though it appears to be but slightly, above the agricultural population. The road from Orizaba to Puebla is sufficient to try the temper of the most patient traveller. First it is so rocky and mountainous that it is slow and weary work for horses, mules, and carriages to surmount the perpetually recurring obstacles; and after the plateau is gained, a dreary wilderness of wild cactus and maguey spreads before the eyes, traversed only by a mere wheel-track. When Mr. Bullock passed over this wretched plain, it was raining heavily; the road was a river of mud, and the wind blew coldly. Puebla, however, proved to be a cheerful, well-built city, containing nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, and but little damaged by the severe siege to which it was recently subjected by the French. But the inhabitants are a villainous looking race; and "as for the soldiers," says Mr. Bullock, "words would quite fail to give anything like an adequate idea of their filthy and slovenly appearance." The cathedral is very fine, but there is nothing else of interest in Puebla, and our author therefore soon left it. He and his companions determined on travelling during the cool hours after sunset:—

"The night was beautiful beyond description, and, as if the light of the moon and the stars was not sufficient, the earth too became alive on every side with fires. These at first we supposed to proceed from factories or smelting-houses, till, on approaching an Indian village, we found the church a blaze of light, and learnt that on that night—the eve of the festival of the Immaculate Conception—it was the custom throughout Mexico to illuminate the churches. Presently, too, rockets began to shoot up in the air in all directions, falling in fiery showers. On our left, glimmering ghost-like in the moonlight, rose up the snow-capped summits of the volcanoes themselves now extinct, but seeming to have bequeathed their fire-breathing properties to the surrounding plain.

"So strangely beautiful was the whole scene, that for the first three or four hours we went on our way rejoicing, and congratulating ourselves that we had decided in favour of moonlight travelling. When, however, at the end of five hours there were no signs of San Martin—a village reported to be eight leagues from Puebla, where we proposed passing the night—and the cold blasts from the snow mountains began to chill us through, we found to our cost that night travelling too had its drawbacks. It was now eleven P.M., and we were alone without a guide in a boundless plain, following a sandy track, which led we knew not whither. By this time the artificial lights had all died out, and the moon herself was on the point of setting; so we felt as a man does who, having gone to sleep by his comfortable fireside, wakes up in the small hours of the night to find the fire gone out, and all around cold and comfortless.

"From time to time we passed a few tumble-down mud hovels, in reconnoitring one of which we were naturally enough taken by the inhabitants for brigands, and pursued accordingly. This did not encourage us to repeat the experiment, so we plodded on in silence, ploughing our way painfully through the sand.

"It was past midnight when at length we reached San Martin. A

death-like stillness reigned in the place, and we rode on through the streets in the hope of finding the *Casa de Diligencias*, where we had been informed at Puebla that decent accommodation was to be had. In looking for the inn, we stumbled upon a couple of French soldiers, one of whom was very drunk indeed, and the other a good deal the worse for liquor. The latter, with drunken gestures, at once invited us to repair with him to the quarters of his lieutenant, declaring solemnly that, for amiability and generosity, that officer was without an equal in the French army. We, however, did not particularly care to test the accuracy of this statement at so unseasonable an hour, and continued our search for the inn. At the expiration of a few minutes we were attracted by an oil lamp hanging in front of a doorway, and by its flickering light could just make out the magic words, '*Casa de Diligencias*' There, sure enough, was the inn, but then arose the question, 'How to get into it?' for every entrance was carefully barred, and a silence as of the tomb reigned within. After ten minutes of fruitless knocking and shouting, which only resulted in bringing the drunken soldiers to our aid, we became quite desperate, and as a last resource hurled a great stone with all our force against the main entrance. Breaking in a panel, the stone fell with a crash in the courtyard, and effectually woke up the inmates, who from sheer terror received us with great civility, congratulating themselves that we did not begin by cutting their throats. On looking round, we perceived that our drunken friends had rolled into the courtyard after us; but, being no means desirous of their company, we summarily expelled them."

Pushing on the following day through the heat, they passed through a splendid pine-forest, and across a valley bounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills having very much the character of Alpine scenery—a valley traversed by a stream called "the Cold River," from the fact that, though lying five degrees within the tropics, it is covered with a thin coating of ice at morning and evening. At length the travellers came in sight of the famous valley of Mexico, of which Prescott has given so glowing an account. Mr. Bullock, however, was disappointed. The city is not seen from the heights commanding the valley, for a range of bare hills crops up in the centre. "Of the much-vaunted lakes you see almost nothing, and the mountains which surround the valley are of that yellowish-brown complexion which characterizes the whole Mexican table-land, and are for the most part quite bare of trees. As for the valley itself, a large portion of it is neither land nor water, but an unsightly expanse of marsh and bog. Of the dry land, barely one-third is under cultivation, the remaining two-thirds, consisting chiefly of square grass-fields, hedged round by impenetrable fences of maguey." Mr. Bullock, however, admits that the traveller approaching from the east does not get the best view, for his back is turned to the snow-capped volcanos, Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl, the summits of which, lighted by the rays of the rising or setting sun, must be, in the opinion of our author, "the most beautiful sight in the world." To this should be added the deep blue sky, which invests even barrenness with a kind of glory.

"At the present day, the city of Mexico is approached from the east by a broad dusty causeway about fifteen miles long, carried over an unsightly expanse of morass, which extends, on the north, as far as the salt-water lake of Tezcuco, and on the south, up to the fresh-water lake of Chalco, of both of which, by keeping a sharp look out, you may get rare glimpses. A little beyond Santa Martha, the last post station, the traveller catches sight, for the first time, of the towers and domes of Mexico, only just visible above the unsavoury marshes by which the city is surrounded. At the period of the Conquest the waters of the lake of Tezcuco extended right up to the city, which was unapproachable from the east, except by water, and could never have been completely invested but for the brigantines, which were so marvellously built and more marvellously transported across the mountains. When Cortes set fire to his ships, he knew very well what he was about, and only burned the wood, which could be replaced at any moment, carefully preserving the iron bolts and tackle against the time when he might have occasion for them.

"When the day appointed for the assault arrived, Oliid advanced against the city along the great southern causeway from Cojohuacan, by which the Spaniards had originally entered the city unmolested; Pedro de Alvarado from Tacuba, on the west; and Sandoval from Tepejacac, on the north; while Cortes directed the movements of the brigantines in person. Never before or since, I suppose, was a flotilla seen at such an altitude, for the level of the lake of Tezcuco is upwards of 7,000 feet above the sea. As the brigantines got under weigh, the Spaniards on board beheld the flames shoot up from the summit of the Peñon—a hog-backed isolated hill at the foot of which the modern causeway runs, but which was then an island. This was the signal for the advance of the fleet of Indian canoes, which, although so numerous as almost to cover the surface of the lake, availed little against the brigantines. Cortes' first exploit was to dislodge the enemy from this island-fortress, an operation which was effected without losing a single man. Curiously enough, it was the ugly look of this very Peñon, which had been strongly fortified by Santa Anna, which determined General Scott to make a *détour* to the southward, and give up his intention of attacking the city by the direct approach from the east.

"The entrance to the modern city is quite in keeping with the uninviting approach, and consists simply of a gap in the mud wall, dignified by the name of 'La Garita de San Lazaro.' Once within the walls the traveller finds himself in a waste place half a foot deep in sand, bounded on one side by a stinking ditch, on the other by ruined churches and convents, and tenanted by dogs and vultures preying on the offal which is left there to rot. Sometimes a vulture may be seen daintily picking the eye—the tit-bit—out of the head of a dead horse or mule, in the carcass of which a dog may be descried buried up to his tail."

Mr. Bullock thinks that the condition of Mexico must have degenerated since the days of Spanish rule, for the Spaniards, however great their greed and their tyranny, kept the buildings in repair, and made fine military roads, after the old Roman fashion, while the Mexicans, since they were left to themselves, have destroyed nearly everything, in mere wantonness and childish love of mischief. Juarez sold a good many of the churches and convents, or had them pulled down, and some are now turned to strange purposes. For instance, one is a *café*, with the words "Café et Billard" written over the door, and French soldiers drinking and playing dominoes in the inside, which is very little altered. While staying at the capital, Mr. Bullock went to a ball, where he saw the Emperor and Empress, the former of whom, he says, has anything but an intelligent face, though he is described as a man of capacity. He also attended a bull fight, with which he had the good feeling to be disgusted. The Mexican ladies are often very handsome, and dress exceedingly well, and the men are equally remarkable for indolence and extreme politeness. The environs of the city appear to be both beautiful and interesting; and at Chapultepec, which is closely associated with the worship of the Aztecs, Maximilian has a suburban palace. The great drawback from the pleasure of riding through these suburbs, is the risk of getting your throat cut by squalid brigands.

Mr. Bullock went on to the Pacific, and gives us some lively pictures of village and farm life among the Mexicans; but we must now part company with him. His book, as we have said, is sometimes depressing, owing to the wretched state of things which it reveals; but it gives a valuable, and no doubt, in the main, a true, description of Mexico as it is. We wish, however, it had said more of the prospects of Maximilian and the Imperial rule, with respect to which some authentic information would be really worth having. But Mr. Bullock touches little on politics, and, perhaps prudently, forbears from committing himself to a positive opinion on a very doubtful question.

The lithographic illustrations are coarse and rotten, and it is to be hoped that the portrait of Juarez is a libel, for an uglier and more rascally-looking face it would be hard to find.

#### THE EARLY RACES OF SCOTLAND.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

Of the enormous period of time which must have elapsed since the earlier of these hieroglyphics were first sculptured in Scotland, some inkling may be gathered from the fact that stones are found where the original sculpture, having become partly obliterated by the slow decay which time produces in Aberdeenshire granite, the material has been resculptured. In the case of one such stone, disinterred from a sepulchral tumulus at Kintore, this was not the only change to which it had been subjected prior to its entombment, for a portion of the stone had been carefully cut out as if it was intended to form it into a seat, by which operation a part of a mirror and of an elephant's head had been removed. In short, abundant evidence exists of the extreme antiquity of these remains. In opening a cist in a cairn at Cairngrey, in Forfarshire, which contained a rude urn and bronze dagger, and the general features of which were considered to warrant the opinion of the deposit being of an early date,—between two great slabs which covered the cist was found the fragment of a large pillar-stone, sculptured with the figure of an elephant. On one of the stones at Logie, the crescent figure appears graven over a double disc that is nearly obliterated. In this, as in a somewhat similar instance in one of the Kintore sculptures, the fact of the last imposed figure being of the same class, and used by the same people at the same time, strongly supports the argument afforded by the appearance of the stone—that time had nearly effaced from the granite the figure of the double disc before the crescent was graven over it. The double disc and sceptre also figure in another part of the same stone, apparently replaced at the same time that the crescent was inserted.

A subject of great interest, which deserves much fuller investigation than it has ever yet received, and on which new light is thrown by the sculptured hieroglyphics of Caledonia, is the curious blending of Pagan observances with Christian doctrines which seems to have marked the introduction of Christianity amongst many heathen populations. The Christian missionaries appear to have found it necessary or advisable to acquiesce in a species of compromise, by which the people were allowed to adhere to many of their most cherished symbols, festivals, and observances, under the guise of commemorating the personages and speeches of their newly-adopted and oftentimes imposed faith. In short, changing Pagan festivals into Christian holidays was openly approved and defended by the Church of Rome, "as a means of drawing heathens to the religion of Christ," though subsequently, at a later date, she doubtless felt herself scandalized by the practice of usages she formerly tolerated, if not countenanced. The great festival of heathen Britain was the sun-feast, held at the winter solstice to welcome the supposed commencement of the sun's return towards the earth, restoring heat, and revivifying nature. This festival was called Yeul, from Heul, Cornish for sun (Armorican, Heul; Welsh, Hail; Sanskrit, Heli; Cingalese, Hel). Although Christmas superseded the heathen festival, not only the ancient name of Yeul, but many of the customs evidently connected with the heathen rites—the burning the yule-log on Christmas Eve, for instance—are not yet obsolete in

South Britain; whilst in Scotland, at least in the more remote parts and agricultural districts, Yule or Yeul is still the word in general use for Christmas Day. The great heathen festival at the summer solstice on Midsummer's Eve has been adopted by the Christian Church as the vigil of St. John the Baptist. Sauvestre, in his "Derniers Bretons," says that the first Christian missionaries of Armorica substituted the fires of St. John for those previously lighted in honour of the sun; and what is certain is, that the rites practised, whether in accordance with ecclesiastical permission or in defiance of its interdicts, can only have had their origin in the days of Paganism. One ceremony characteristic of solar worship practised on Midsummer Eve, was to cover a wheel by binding it over with twisted straw and other inflammable materials. It was then secretly taken to the top of a mountain, set on fire, and rolled down, thus representing the sun, which, from that period to Yeul, was to have a descending or receding course. Another custom of Midsummer Eve was bearing a dragon in procession, being one of many circumstances that prove the connection of the worship of the snake with that of the sun; for, wherever planetary worship has prevailed, the snake, as an emblem or object of worship, may generally, if not universally, be traced. On one of the sculptured stones of Scotland, the snake and sceptre occur in combination with the most frequently recurring of all the figures—the double disc or wheel, conjectured by Colonel Forbes Leslie to be an emblem of the two solstices. Shrovetide, May-day, and Hallowe'en (31st October), were also originally Pagan festivals, when Beltane fires were lighted in honour of the sun or Baal, and various other superstitious rites were performed. From the Penitential of Theodore Archbishop of Canterbury, in the seventh century, and the Confessional of Egbert Archbishop of York, in the early part of the eighth century, we may infer that homage was then offered to the sun and moon, for women are forbidden to practice passing their children through the fire, or exposing them on the housetops, to restore or insure their health. It is curious to compare these restrictions and penalties to be enforced by English ecclesiastical authorities with the denunciation of the same heathen practices by the Prophet Zephaniah:—"I will cut off the remnant of Baal, and them that worship the host of Heaven on the housetops." Prideaux says:—"Baal the Lord was used to designate the true God, until confusion arose from the same epithet being applied to Pagan gods worshipped by Jews and Canaanites." (See, also, Hosea, ii. 16).

The policy of new religions which excluded preceding objects of worship from their schemes has not unfrequently been to denounce the former deities as demons, thus not only admitting their existence as entities, but their supernatural power, and, as a consequence, perpetuating a belief in the efficacy of the old superstitious rites and ceremonies by which their anger was to be propitiated, their favour obtained, or a knowledge of the future arrived at.

The evidences of this curious amalgamation of heathenism with Christianity are to be read in the sculptured stones of Scotland—first, by the occurrence of stones in which, long subsequent to the original sculpture, a large cross has been superimposed, or, as in the case of the stone at Deci, in Aberdeenshire, a stone, the face of which was sculptured with heathen emblems, was partly Christianized by cutting a rude cross on the opposite side; secondly, by the existence of stones where the cross appears to have formed part of the original design, and to have been executed contemporaneously with the heathen symbols. The predominating figure of these Caledonian hieroglyphics, the double disc and sceptre, occurs thirty-three times conjoined with other heathen symbols, and only once associated with the cross, whilst the figure next in point of frequency, the crescent and sceptre, occurs twenty-five times with heathen symbols, and six times associated with the cross. The elephant occurs eighteen times with exclusively heathen symbols, and three times in conjunction with the cross. Another significant fact is, that "clachan" (the plural of "clach," Gaelic for stone) is used as synonymous with church throughout the Highlands. In the Erse language, also, the expression for going to worship literally signifies going to a stone; and the Rev. R. H. Ryland, in speaking of a Druid's altar in the county of Waterford, says, we have indisputable evidence that those who introduced Christianity into this country, endeavoured to engrave the pure religion upon the heathen superstition which preceded it.

\* From the Rig Veda we learn that light, the sun, and fire, were amongst the earliest objects of Arian worship, and this worship still prevails amongst some of, possibly all, the aboriginal tribes of India, and once, beyond doubt, extended from Donderu-head in Ceylon to the Himalaya mountains, and from the borders of China to the extremity of Western Europe. In Udayapoor, "the city of the rising sun," the capital of the Rajpoot state of Marwar, the precedence of the sun-god is still maintained. The sacred standard of the country bears his image, and the Rajah, claiming to be his descendant, appears as his representative. In a complicated form, the Parsees of British India still retain that worship of light, symbolised in the sun and fire, for which they became exiles when their fire-altars were overthrown, and their faith was proscribed in the land of their ancestors. For upwards of twenty centuries, Buddhism, in Ceylon, has superseded without being able to eradicate the Bali or planetary worship which coexisted with the Naga or snake worship in that country. Christianity, in various forms, has been long introduced into the island, and numbers hundreds of thousands of converts, who have received its initiatory sacrament; but the Christian pastor has succeeded no better than the Buddhist priest in eradicating from the minds of his flock a belief in the efficacy of the rights and usages of the old superstitions.

\* The Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments. By Lieut.-Colonel Forbes Leslie. Two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

"Without any apparent inducement," says Colonel Forbes Leslie, "various races and nations in Central Asia and Western Europe have retained and cherished certain traditional usages in defiance of powers and penalties, civil and religious. Condemned alike by rulers and by teachers—by Christian, Mussulman, Buddhist, and Brahman—despised by philosophy, denounced by religion, and persecuted by authority—these customs still survive, undefended but undiscarded. Existing by tradition only, they seem to have preceded history; yet even in the present day it cannot truly be announced that they are extinct in Great Britain. Intolerance and intelligence, for once combined, and supported by power, have, for more than a thousand years, been baffled in all their attempts to root out superstitious usages which ignorance dares not openly approve, and intelligence unhesitatingly condemns. Without any defenders in that long period, these customs have offered no apparent, only a passive resistance, against which, however, the ceaseless attacks of many enemies have vainly spent their force. This of itself might attract attention to these superstitions; but I now refer to them from the probability that they may be traced to a common origin with the most ancient emblems graven on the sculptured stones of Scotland, and that they are connected with the worship of the sun and moon and the whole host of heaven. . . . There are good reasons for believing that all the pagan rites attributed by Moses to the Canaanites, and certainly practised by the Jews, in defiance of his warnings, were also parts of the heathenism of the ancient Britons. We find in his enumeration of iniquities, making a son or daughter pass through fire, using divination, observing times, being a wizard or necromancer (Deut. xviii. 9, 10, 11)."

The antiquity of the monolithic circles, and other megalithic remains, is as far beyond the ken and grasp of our chronologies as that of the Caledonian hieroglyphics. The practice of the art of representation in rude sculpture, exhibited by the latter, renders it probable that these rude and unsculptured, but huge and majestic, stone works are of still anterior date; yet we must not forget that civilization is not always progressive—at least, as regards localities, but that we find an irreclaimably savage race of hunters installed in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio above the vast and extensive earthworks of an evidently settled and industrious people. In the Island of Lewis may be seen a large stone circle which, within the memory of the present generation, was so nearly buried in the moss that the surrounding heather sufficed to conceal the stones. It has now been cleared out to a depth of fifteen feet by the annual operation of the islanders in cutting peat for their winter fuel, without exposing the basis of any of the columns. Nor is this a solitary example: in various parts of the mainland, monolithic groups are to be seen, with their summits just appearing above the slowly accumulating moss, the growth of unnumbered centuries. In Avebury and Stonehenge, England possesses two of the finest specimens of the circular stone fanes extant. Avebury in particular, described by Aubrey as "exceeding in greatness the so renowned Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church," is one of the wonders of early human art and combined labour; and in the unity of its design, the magnitude of its dimensions, and the size of the monoliths of which it is composed, surpasses any other circular primitive temple yet discovered. It must have formed in its day the great temple of a nation—perhaps also the centre and radiating point of a religion.

It was formerly the fashion to assign the erection of these insular columnar fanes—and notably Avebury and Stonehenge—to the Roman or post-Roman period; but such a notion is altogether untenable, and the great argument on which it was founded—viz., that neither of these structures is mentioned by Cæsar nor any other Roman writer—is of no weight whatever. The Romans were not antiquarians; they must have been familiar with similar structures in Northern Africa and Armenia, and Cæsar never penetrated to the locality of these gigantic stone-works. The same argument carried out would prove Avebury to be a modern erection, for it lay unnoticed, not only by those who wrote in Greek and Latin, but also by those who wrote in Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and English, up to the seventeenth century. Yet a high road from London to the west, through Marlborough to Bath, passing by the Mount of Silbury, and crossing the stone avenues that led to Avebury from Averton and Berkhampton, was in existence in the time of the Roman dominion in South Britain, and continues in general use to this day. Avebury and Stonehenge must have been great national works, and probably indicate the culminating point in the history of a tribe or nation, when, having subdued foreign enemies and pacified domestic dissensions the national spirit exhibited itself in the greatest vigour, and attained the highest development—conditions, in short, the reverse of that of the Britons, either during or subsequently to the Roman occupation. Besides, when we recognise the fact that the arts of civilization present a regular sequence of development, a continuous chain, every link of which is defined by its antecedent, we shall clearly perceive that the architecture of the period, being a growth from Roman seed, however much it may have degenerated, could no more have produced the crop of stones on Salisbury Plain, than roughly-cultured or neglected wheat could produce a crop of nettles. In fact, no absurdity can be greater than to suppose that Avebury and Stonehenge can be the national *chef-d'œuvres* of a people familiar with the domestic architecture exhibited at Uriconium.

That these huge stonework remains, preserving such an extraordinary identity in design and structure from Western Europe to Central Asia, have had but one origin—that they indicate, wherever they appear, the same set of ideas, form of culture, and system of social life, and thus mark the footsteps of a race—cannot, we think, be doubted. That the

whole of the countries now exhibiting these remains were ever contemporaneously, or even consecutively, peopled with the race whose conceptions they embody, and of whose mind they are the impress, we see no reason to conclude, though this is the assumption usually made to explain their existence. We prefer to believe that intellectually superior and predominant races carried their worship amongst inferior races in those days as well as the present, either as missionaries or as conquerors, conferring on them that ever-recurring, triune aristocracy of kings, priests, and warrior-nobles, the existence of which is a never-failing symbol of conquest.

Before closing our notice of this interesting work, so rich in suggestive materials, we must not omit to mention that Colonel Forbes Leslie speaks from personal observation to the fact that in the Dekhan of India not only are these ancient stone fanes renovated and still used as places of worship and sacrifice, the stones being daubed with a spot of red paint to indicate blood, but new circular fanes are actually constructed. In short, in the Dekhan, Brahminism, no longer supported by the civil power and influence of a Peishwa, is yielding to the simplicity of ancient rites.

#### ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.\*

THE peculiar genius of Humboldt was not confined to one department of science, nor was he a superficial student of all, and master of none. On the contrary, every part was in turn carefully encountered and overcome by him. A life of the author of the "Cosmos" must, therefore, appeal to a wide community, not bounded merely by those whose lives are devoted to the same ends as his, but by all who have any knowledge, however slight, of the leading principles of science. The travels of Humboldt are necessarily a great source of interest; but, as far as these are concerned, he has told his own story, and Mr. Schwarzenberg has done little more than give an outline of them. This remark is applicable to the greater part of the present volume. It frequently happens that the interest is marred by a too scanty treatment, which is indeed the chief fault of the book—more so, certainly, than the unintelligible phrases which occur now and then, owing, as the author himself says, to the difficulty of thinking in one language and writing in another. No important event, however, is left untouched, and a fair idea of the life of this great *savant* may be obtained by the perusal of Mr. Schwarzenberg's volume.

The father of Baron Humboldt was major in a dragoon regiment, his mother the widow of a Baron von Holwede, and niece to the Princess Blucher. He himself was born in 1769, two years after his brother Wilhelm. It is interesting to observe the different modes of development of two minds, both of them great in their different ways. "Significant," says the author, "is a remark of Dr. Heim about this period (1779), viz., that the elder boy, Wilhelm, without difficulty apprehended the given instruction, and almost immediately remembered the botanical names; whilst Alexander, eleven years old, experienced great difficulties—a phenomenon which manifested itself on various other occasions, and made both Madame de Humboldt and the tutor for a time apprehensive regarding the capability of Alexander for any studies whatever." In 1783, the brothers were sent to Berlin, where they received instruction from the ablest men of the capital. Alexander was retarded by feeble health; but, as he grew older, his mental and bodily powers rapidly increased, and we are astonished by the energy and activity of the young man who at one time promised so little. After three years' residence at Berlin, the two brothers were removed to the University of Frankfort-an-der-Oder, and thence, in 1788, to Gottingen, "much to the satisfaction of Alexander, who manifested daily his great predilection for the study of Natural Philosophy, for in Gottingen he would have an opportunity to meet a star of first magnitude—Blumenbach, the eminent professor of physical science, who, in a most brilliant manner, surveyed and classified the varied branches and domains of science. Here he would likewise find Heyne, the successful professor of antiquity, and Eichhorn, the historian. At Gottingen, Alexander von Humboldt received likewise a new and lasting impulse through his acquaintance with George Forster, who had accompanied, for the purpose of scientific researches, the celebrated Captain Cook on his second voyage round the world. Another two years' residence brought their academical career to a close. Alexander had pursued during this time, with unceasing diligence, his physical, archeological, and philological studies under the personal influence of celebrated men." He repaired to Freiburg, to study geology, and at a later period geognosy, under Werner, who was eminent in both. The year 1790 witnessed the first production of Humboldt, a little work on the basaltic formation on the Rhine, the result of a journey, in company with his friend Forster, on that river. The next year he completed his studies in mineralogy and botany. Thus prepared, he was ready for action, and, after spending two years in his native country, where he held various appointments in connection with mines, and where he proved his efficiency as a naturalist by the publication of a series of articles in French and German periodicals, he resigned his appointment of Director-General of the Mines of Bayreuth and Anspach, and gave himself up to his early desire for travel. Space does not allow us to enter, even in a general way, upon his wanderings, except to say that they extended over the greater part of the globe. The "Cosmos" may

\* Alexander von Humboldt: or, What may be Accomplished in a Life-time. By F. A. Schwarzenberg. London: Robert Hardwicke.

be considered as the grand result of these voyages—a work the aim of which was “to regard all natural phenomena in their general and absolute relation—nature as a whole, pervaded and sustained by internal powers.”

In the winter 1827-8, Baron Humboldt delivered a series of sixty-one lectures both in the University and the Music-hall of Berlin, which embraced every department of natural science. They were given without the aid of notes; and it was not until the year 1843 that “he wrote down, for the first time, the substance of these lectures; and in doing so he had to regard the signal progress of science in the intermediate period, and the rapid development, maturity, and certainty in its varied branches. But, in order to give to his subsequent descriptions uniformity and inherent vitality, he proceeds from the position of physical science at the period mentioned, the year 1827, and notices the progressive development of natural philosophy.” This is the history of the “Cosmos”—the great work of Baron Humboldt’s life, at which he laboured until a month before his death, chiefly in the hours of the night, for the whole of his day was taken up in receiving visitors who flocked to hear and speak to him. “How affecting,” says our author, “is his request in the journals of the spring 1859, in which he asks the general public to excuse him now in the late hours of the evening of his life, with their numerous demands of all kinds, and not to consider any longer his house ‘a public office for general inquiry.’” The end of this great man was a fitting close to his eventful life; and we cannot describe it in fewer words, than those of Mr. Schwarzenberg:—“Till near the hour of his death he was perfectly conscious; his last thoughts were with the King of Prussia, his faithful friend of many years; who, away from his country, suffered from an incurable disease. To the last whispered words of his niece Madame von Bulon, his nephew General Hedemann, and his faithful servant Seiffert, he gave a distinct reply. Soon afterwards he became silent, and died calmly in the afternoon of May 6, 1859, at the age of 89 years 7 months and a few days.”

As we have already remarked, the present work is meagre in its treatment of so great a subject; but it nevertheless affords food for agreeable thought.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

FRASER has for its first paper a very good essay on “Parliamentary Reform and the Government,” in which some stinging remarks are made on the clap-trap arguments and appeals to aristocratical prejudices so plentifully employed by Tory speakers during the late debates on the Suffrage and Franchise Bills, the Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill, &c. A contrast is drawn towards the close of the article, between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Mill, who have several times recently come into collision, and of whom we read:—“Mr. Lowe takes by preference the keen, practical, common-sense view of his subject; Mr. Mill the philosophical, speculative, and original view. Mr. Lowe’s strength lies in his acquired knowledge, memory, and dialectic skill; Mr. Mill’s in his intellectual resources and accumulated stores of thought. Their reading has been in different lines, and employed in a different manner; Mr. Lowe being much the superior classic, and Mr. Mill, we suspect, more at home in legislation, morals, metaphysics, and philosophy. Books, ancient and modern, are more familiar to Mr. Lowe, and have been better digested by Mr. Mill.” This paper is followed by a Lecture on Superstition delivered by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley at the Royal Institution on the 24th of April—a lecture which is amusing enough, but which can hardly be said to throw any new light on the subject. In the ensuing paper, on “Anomalies of the American Constitution,” the writer—an American himself—expresses his opinion that the old leaven of State sectionalism still clings to the political condition of America, and that it must be the work of the future to reduce this, and make the nation more thoroughly one. “The working of the American Constitution hitherto,” he says, “cannot be regarded as a fair experiment in Republican government. The United States has by no means had a government by the people in any strict sense, and, although it has been practically more popular than its forms, its political history has been a perpetual effort to adjust various State Governments, and to harmonize conflicting sectional interests. In the late civil war, the country was saved by a recurrence to the abnormal and martial powers which republics and monarchies must alike employ in emergencies; but it is only just to say that in the seventy-two years preceding the war, it had been menaced and impeded by the oligarchical rather than the popular elements retained in it—that is to say, by the inequality of senatorial representation, by State feudalism, and by slavery. Many exceptional influences, which cannot be discussed here, must also be taken into consideration—chiefly the influx of an unnaturalized mob, gathered into the great cities from all parts of Europe, whose filtration and assimilation require far more time than America has yet had.” He anticipates that the civil war will complete “the analogy already suggested between the development of Anglo-Saxon liberty on both sides of the Atlantic; and England’s grand stride of 1688 will reappear beyond the ocean, in the formation of a strong nationality upon what was before a crude, transitional federation of States.” Victor Hugo’s last novel is criticized in the next article, and, with a few exceptions, condemned for violence of conception and turgidity of language. “Ecce Homo” is also reviewed and largely dissented from, and the writer promises us a further article on the same subject. “Shirley” writes on “Church Politics in Scotland,” a rather uninviting subject, which, however, he handles with skill; and the concluding article on Belgium adds something to our knowledge of an interesting and progressive State.

A very admirable article on the anti-Reform arguments of Mr. Lowe and the other “Adullamites” opens Macmillan, under the title of “The Philosophy of the Cave,” in which the principles of

Liberalism are excellently vindicated from the cynical objections of the Tories in disguise. “Penny Novels” is an account of the kind of fictions to be found in the *Family Herald*, the *London Journal*, and other weekly miscellanies of the same kind, but chiefly of the works of Mr. Pierce Egan the Younger: it is smartly written, but might have given us more real information on a curious and very influential branch of modern literature. “Mr. Gladstone’s New Financial Policy” is a brief article on the Budget of the present year, warmly eulogizing the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s proposals for reducing the National Debt. The review of “Ecce Homo” speaks very highly of that remarkable work, though in some matters taking exception to its teachings. “Parisian Manners,” by the Rev. Archer Gurney, of Paris, is an amusing paper, which will startle many people by asserting, what nevertheless we believe to be true, that the French are a sad and solemn, and the English a gay and lively people; and in the concluding article, on “Early Philosophy,” we have one of Professor Bain’s learned and intellectual essays. “Cradock Nowell” is continued, but, from some accident, we have no further instalment of the Hon. Mrs. Norton’s “Old Sir Douglas.”

In the *Cornhill*, “Armadale” is at last finished; but, as we hope shortly to review it in its totality, we will at present say nothing of the incidents with which Mr. Wilkie Collins winds up his complicated plot. “The Claverings” is continued, and four miscellaneous papers complete the number. The first of these is entitled “The Rediscovery of Dante’s Remains at Ravenna,” which consists of a translation of the very interesting report of the Commission appointed by the King of Italy to verify the facts connected with the extraordinary accidental discovery of the poet’s bones on the 27th of May, 1865, only a few days before the inauguration of the monument erected to his honour at Florence, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of his birth. “With the view of increasing the interest in Dante’s tomb,” says the report, “the municipality of Ravenna determined on removing the wall adjoining the chapel of Braccioforte. By its removal the tomb would become isolated, and thus better seen. Accordingly, the work of demolition was commenced, and had not continued long when from a recess within a closed door in the wall tumbled a rude wooden chest, which, flying open as it came to the ground, disclosed human bones, and inscriptions on the inner as well as outer sides of the chest, to the effect that the remains were those of Dante.” The skull, according to the commissioners, denotes the highest order of brain power, and the phrenological developments indicate the possession by Dante of “benevolence, religion, veneration, independence, self-esteem, pride, conscientiousness, mechanical design, sculpture, and architecture,” in a high degree. “A German Life before the Peace of 1815” is a pleasing sketch. In “Cinderella” we have, not a fairy tale, but a tale of modern every-day life; and the paper on “The National Portrait Exhibition” is a very fair guide to that interesting collection of pictures.

The first article in the *Month* is on “Ecce Homo,” which at present occupies a large space in the Magazines. In the opinion of the writer in the Roman Catholic publication now under notice, “Ecce Homo” is fairly entitled to a certain amount of praise for its attempts to supply the doubting intellects of the last ten years with some form of faith, and for its subserving “the cause of revealed truth” (by this expression the Papacy is meant) by acknowledging that the work of Christ includes in it “the establishment of a visible kingdom or Church.” But of course he utterly dissents from much of its teaching, and specially complains of the author’s want of sympathy with Catholics. In conclusion, he asks:—“Why does he call it dishonest in a man to sacrifice his own judgment to the word of God, when, unless he did so, he would be avowing that the Creator knew less than the creature? Let him recollect that no two thinkers, philosophers, writers, ever did, ever will, agree in all things with each other. No system of opinions ever given to the world approved itself in all its parts to the reason of any one individual by whom it was mastered. No revelation is conceivable, but involves, almost in its very idea, as being something new, a collision with the human intellect, and demands accordingly, if it is to be accepted, a sacrifice of private judgment. If a revelation be necessary, then also in consequence is that sacrifice necessary. One man will have to make a sacrifice in one respect, another in another; all men in some. We say, then, to men of the day, Take Christianity, or leave it; do not practise upon it; to do so is as unphilosophical as it is dangerous. Do not attempt to halve a spiritual unit. You are apt to call it a dishonesty in us to refuse to follow out our reasonings, when faith stands in the way; is there no intellectual dishonesty in your own conduct? First, your very accusation of us is dishonest; for you keep in the back-ground the circumstance, of which you are well aware, that such a refusal on our part is the necessary consequence of our accepting an authoritative revelation; and next you profess to accept that revelation yourselves, while you dishonestly pick and choose, and take as much or as little of it as you please. You either accept Christianity, or you do not: if you do, do not garble and patch it; if you do not, suffer others to submit to it as a whole.” The article is attributed to Dr. Newman, and is certainly ably and pointedly written. The other articles, over and above the serials, are:—“Cairo, and the Franciscan Missions on the Nile” (a paper chiefly interesting to Roman Catholics); “Buried Alive,” in which some remarks are made on the frightful statements recently published on the Continent as to premature interment; and “Experiences of a French Nobleman in Italian Prisons,” based on a work published in Paris by Count de Christen, the leader of one of the reactionary bands sent into Naples in the interests of the ex-King Francis II., who, being arrested by the Italian authorities, was for a long while confined in various gaols, and, according to his account (which must of course be received with a great many grains of salt), was treated with great inhumanity, as well as being subjected to a mere mockery of a trial.

The *Churchman’s Family Magazine* has a criticism on “Some of the Writings of the Late Mr. Keble,” a poem on the same author, an essay on Jeremy Taylor, with a feeble portrait of that eloquent divine,

some "Reminiscences of old Yorkshire Life and Manners," one or two stories, and various articles touching on the interests of churchmen.

The Dublin University Magazine contains little beyond the continued stories and serial articles which have been going on for some months—viz., Mr. J. S. Le Fann's "All in the Dark," "Number Five Brooke Street," "Not Wisely, but Too Well," "Glastonbury Abbey, Past and Present," and "Scenes in the Transition Age from Caesar to Christ." But it opens with a delightful gossiping paper on Balzac, and concludes with a very interesting bit of Irish history, crammed full of personal anecdote and adventure, entitled "Some Episodes of the Irish Jacobite Wars"—that is to say, the rising of the adherents of James II. against the Protestant dominion of William III.

*Temple Bar*, besides its two novels, "Lady Adelaide's Oath," by the author of "East Lynne," and "Archie Lovell," by the author of "Miss Forrester," presents its readers with a variety of excellent essays, of which perhaps the most noteworthy are those on "French-women under the Empire"—in which a dismal account is given of the separation of the sexes now observable in France, and of the extreme profligacy of the young men—and on "Finance, Frauds, and Failures," by the author of "The Bubbles of Finance," containing some extraordinary revelations, very appropriate to the present day, as to the numerous companies got up by seedy adventurers, and floated for a time upon imaginary capital, and bills which are nothing better than accommodation paper.

Further chapters of "Griffith Gaunt," an account of the capital of Khorassan by Arminius Vámbéry, an Italian story by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, and poems and essays by Mr. William Allingham, Mr. George Macdonald, Miss Jean Ingelow, and Mr. William Gilbert, make a very readable number of the *Argosy*. The *St. James's Magazine* has its usual collection of light and entertaining miscellanies. *London Society* is more than ordinarily rich in illustrations of the kind which the readers of this Magazine appear to favour. *Good Words* continues to mingle religious writing with secular matter, and the *Sunday Magazine* to supply its readers with articles fitted for the circle it addresses. The *Sunday at Home* is enriched this month by some extracts from unpublished MSS. of Cowper, and from the private diary of the Rev. John Newton; and the monthly parts of the *Leisure Hour* and *Once a Week* abound in pleasant matter and numerous illustrations.

We have also to acknowledge the *Sixpenny Magazine*, the *Boy's Monthly Magazine*, the *Boy's Own Magazine*, the *Floral World and Garden Guide*, the *Household*, the *Day of Rest*, the *Christian World Magazine*, *Our Own Fireside*, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, and the *Young Englishwoman*.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts, in Ancient and Modern Times, with a Review of the Different Theories of Beauty, and Copious Allied Information, Social, Hygienic, and Medical, &c.* By Arnold J. Cooley. (Hardwicke.)—How is it that the writers of works on cookery, clothing, perfumery, and similar subjects, are so fond of assuming the air of historians and essayists, and commencing their volumes with inquiries into the uses of antiquity in the several matters of which they treat? It results, we suppose, from a desire to give an appearance of dignity and erudition to subjects of which the associations are commonly supposed to be mean and vulgar; but, whatever the cause, such is the fact. In the present thick and elaborate volume, Mr. Cooley wishes to give the public some useful information as to the toilet and cosmetic arts; but he thinks it necessary first of all to write nine chapters on the customs, with regard to personal adornment, of the chief nations of antiquity and of the modern world, and to maulder for nearly fifty pages more on "Beauty, its Constituents and Sources." The antiquarian matter is no doubt entertaining and curious, and, printed separately, would make a readable volume; but it only serves, where it stands, to give additional bulk to the work, which would be large enough even without it. The esthetic chapter is little better than twaddle, and might be advantageously omitted in any subsequent edition. Mr. Cooley writes a very inflated style, and has a tendency, as we remarked in noticing his "Two Months in a London Hospital" (LONDON REVIEW, December 24, 1864), to introduce much irrelevant matter. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of sensible and useful information in his present book, with respect to the care and tendence of the body, and to the healthiest, most natural, and most reasonable modes of clothing and adorning it. He very properly ranks cleanliness as the best of cosmetics, but he is not opposed to a moderate employment of artificial helps towards personal beauty. Being himself a medical man, Mr. Cooley is competent to direct us wisely as to washes, lotions, pomades, essences, perfumes, tooth-powders, &c., the ignorant use of which is unquestionably productive of a very serious amount of mischief. Occasionally, we come across some singular bits of information; as, for instance, that the Duke of Wellington, for many years before his death, took a warm bath daily, and that old Viscount Combermere, who was about ninety-six when he died, did the same, and in this way preserved a wonderful amount of vigour and spirit almost to the last. Less agreeable is the statement that a good deal of the so-called "beef-marrow" now extensively used by pastry cooks, as well as by perfumers, is obtained from the knackers' yards. Dead horses likewise furnish us with some of our favourite jellies, rich soups, gravies, sauces, and German sausages. "The readers of the leading daily journals," says Mr. Cooley, "were recently, perhaps, surprised to learn that one of the great sausage-makers of this metropolis consumed weekly, in his factory, from four to five tons of horse-flesh, which he receives from contractors in the same way as he does his ordinary beef, pork, and veal." An unusually copious index, extending over forty-four pages, gives a ready command over the contents of the volume; but the work altogether is too long. In a more compact and handy form, it would be a great deal more useful, and more likely to be generally consulted.

*Our Social Bees. Second Series.* By Andrew Wynter, M.D., M.R.C.P., Lond. (Hardwicke.)—Dr. Wynter is one of the most laborious, one of the most intelligent, and one of the most agreeable, of contemporary chroniclers of men and things. He has looked for himself into a great many subjects bearing on our social state, and he knows exactly how to put forth his knowledge in a way the most attractive to the general reader. His previous works, the first series of "Our Social Bees," "Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers," and "Curiosities of Civilization," have inducted the public into a vast amount of information as to the modes of life of our poorer fellow-creatures, and the processes of our leading departments of industry. They did not, however, exhaust all the topics of curious inquiry which Dr. Wynter has such a passion for looking up; and accordingly we have another series of the "Social Bees," which is as rich in remarkable and suggestive details as its predecessor. Among the articles contained in this volume, we find chapters on "London Omnibuses," "The Water Supply of London," "The Thames Embankment," "Our Great Iron-workers," "Machine Tool-makers," "Death in the Match-box," "A Few Words on Our Meat," "The City Companies," "Longevity," "A Word about Wines," "Our Life-boats," "The Flesh-Worm Disease" (i.e., trichiniasis, the disease caused by eating infected pork), &c. This is but a selection from the various subjects treated by Dr. Wynter in the present work; and on all hands he exhibits great knowledge, and power of arranging facts. Here is an interesting, but withal a very melancholy, bit touching the daily lives of our omnibus drivers and conductors:—"These men may be said to be in the world, but not of it. In the course of the year, the drivers and the cads of the company run twelve million, nine thousand, four hundred, and forty-four miles, and have come in contact with forty-one million, one hundred and eighty-five thousand, and eighty-eight passengers; and yet, if you ask the latter any simple question of the day, or any question, in fact, not connected with his daily concerns, he can give you no reply. The driver, it is true, picks up topics of news from the front-seat passenger, but from other sources he knows nothing. Even matters that are occurring in the streets through which he passes many times a day he does not observe: both he and the conductor are, in fact, but human shuttles which shoot at times across and athwart London, almost as unobservant as the wooden shuttle itself in the loom."

*A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Recent and Living Painters and Engravers.* By Henry Ottley. (H. G. Bohn.)—Mr. Ottley's work is intended as a supplement to the last edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," edited by Mr. George Stanley, and issued by the publisher of the present volume. A large number of the names are those of living men, but some of the artists of the last generation, and even of the final years of the eighteenth century, are also included. Several of the memoirs have been contributed by Mr. Bohn himself, who, in a special advertisement to the reader, regrets that, after all, so many omissions are to be found in the book. He promises a further volume, which shall supply all wants; but, in the meanwhile, the volume before us will be found handy by all who wish to learn something about the painters, draughtsmen, and engravers, of the present and the immediate past. The work can hardly be regarded as one of critical pretensions. It is on the plan of "Men of the Time;" but for what it assumes to be, it is useful.

*Anecdotes and Stories in French. With Explanatory Notes by Mariot de Beauvoisin.* (Stanford.)—M. de Beauvoisin designs his work as a help to students of French, rightly believing that nothing is more likely to attract and engage the attention than short, light, and amusing tales. He has therefore brought together a large number, both in prose and verse, and has given at the end explanations of the difficult words, phrases, and idioms. The volume appears to be in every respect suited for its purpose.

*The Annual Register for 1865.* (Rivingtons.)—We do not observe any new feature in this year's issue of the "Annual Register," but we note the same completeness and care which we have been called upon to acknowledge on previous occasions. The work is a most valuable record of current history—the essence of a thousand newspapers, potted up in an available and convenient form.

We have also received Vol. I. (containing "The Tempest," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Comedy of Errors") of the *Handy Volume of Shakespeare*, mentioned in our last issue as on the eve of publication by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co.—an extremely neat and clearly printed Bijou edition;—Part I. of a new edition, to be completed in six numbers at sixpence each, of the *Curiosities of Literature* (Routledge & Sons), of which we can only say that the type is cruelly small;—*The First Canto of Klopstock's Messiah*, translated into English Heroic Verse (Dixon, Cambridge);—a new edition, in one volume, of Mr. Samuel Smiles's *Self-help* (John Murray);—*The Sacrificial Vestments: are they Legal in the Church of England?* an Inquiry into the History and Intention of the Second Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer, by William Milton, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*The Wants of the Great City: a Sermon preached at Whitehall Chapel on Sunday, May 13th, 1866, on behalf of the Bishop of London's Fund, by Connop, Lord Bishop of St. David's (Same Publishers);—*The Doubter Cured: a Sermon preached in Holy Trinity Church, Wimbledon, on Sunday, April 29th, 1866, by the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, M.A. (Same Publishers);—and *The Position and Prospects of Stipendiary Curates: a Paper published by order of the Provisional Council of the Curates' Augmentation Fund* (Same Publishers).**

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

ANOTHER book for "advanced thinkers," as they are styled—those who read such works as Professor Renan's "Les Apôtres," and the recently-published, mysterious "Ecce Homo"—is announced for immediate publication. The title is "Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan—or False—Christ of the Third Century," an essay, by Albert Réville, D.D., friend and literary associate of Professor Renan, and pastor of the Walloon Church, in Rotterdam. The book relates the

attempt made to revive Paganism in the third century by means of a false Christ. "The principal events in the life of Apollonius," it is stated, "are almost identical with the Gospel narrative. Apollonius was born in a mysterious way, about the same time as Christ. Like Him, he went through a period of preparation; afterwards came a passion, then a resurrection, and an ascension. The messengers of Apollo sang at his birth, as the angels did at that of Jesus. He was exposed to the attacks of enemies, though always engaged in doing good. He went from place to place, accompanied by his favourite disciples; passed on to Rome, where Domitian was seeking to kill him, just as Jesus went up to Jerusalem and to certain death. In many other respects, the parallel is equally extraordinary."

There has recently been issued a very extraordinary work by LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia. The title is, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary at the Confederate States Capital," by J. B. Jones, Clerk in the War Department of the Confederate States Government. The work forms 2 vols. 8vo. of nearly 900 closely-printed pages, and gives a most curious, and, to all appearance, truthful account of life in the Confederate States from 1861 to 1865. Sharp criticisms upon English and French firms who dabbled in the blockading business, and charged the highest prices for war ammunition, occur, and such sentences as these meet the eye on every page:—"Sept. 16.—Calico is now selling for 10 dollars per yard; and a small, dirty, dingy, dilapidated house, not near as large as the one I occupy, rents for 800 dollars. This one would bring 1,200 dollars now." Dec. 21.—Such is the scarcity of provisions, that rats and mice have mostly disappeared, and the cats can hardly be kept off the table. Pound-cakes, the size of a very small Dutch oven, sell at 100 dollars; turkeys at 40 dollars. Dec. 24.—Another interposition of Providence on behalf of my family. The bookseller who purchased the edition of the first volume of my 'Wild Western Scenes,' new series, since Mr. Malsby's departure from the country, paid me 300 dollars copyright, and promises more very soon. I immediately bought a load of coals, 31 dollars, and half a cord of wood for 19 dollars. I must now secure some food for next month. June 19.—Every Sunday I see how shabby my clothes have become. The wonder is we are not naked after wearing the same garments three or four years."

The new book on Algeria, entitled "Ethel," by M. Georges Bell, has been very extensively patronized by the French Government, the views of which regarding the colony, it is more than probable, guided the author in writing his book. Numerous copies have been ordered by his Excellency the Governor-General for the public libraries of the colony, and for distribution in those quarters which are likely to afford emigrants for the settlement.

Complaints have recently been made by an American writer that "the authors of his country were never doing so little for the credit of their national literature as at the present time. All the bright promise of a new era of literary brilliancy, which was so heartily welcomed at the close of the war, seems to have passed away. What are American writers doing to day?" he asks. "Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Curtis, Mitchell, Holland, Stoddart,—who has produced, or is producing, any distinctive work? Barring Mr. Longfellow's translations of Dante, we know of nothing that is likely to bring any credit to our literature. Mrs. Stowe and Garl Hamilton seem to have exhausted their stock of originality. Bancroft lets the 'History of the United States' drag along with no encouragement of an early completion. . . . Grant White devotes himself to compilation; Allibone has not courage enough to produce the second volume of his 'Dictionary of Authors.' Howells' book of Venetian memories appears in England first; and now our younger poets are called upon to contribute to a collection of poetry to be published in London by an American. Longfellow has never written anything so good as 'Evangeline'; Mitchell has never equalled his first volume of 'Reveries'; Holmes retired on the glory that came from the 'Autocrat,' and Bayard Taylor does not seem to have the old-tune fire. This is owing in part, no doubt, to the eager rush for money-getting. The demands of hungry publishers for some book 'to sell,' and the great prices offered, are almost irresistible. Hence, too, many of our writers fall into hack work. Too many of them mingle with other employments, and, we think, unnecessarily. A good writer can make a handsome competence in the country. There is a constant demand for articles for every kind of publication, and at prices equal to those paid in London or Paris."

Another new book relating to our ancient ecclesiastical remains is announced by Mr. Mackenzie Walcott. It will be a History of Battle Abbey as it appeared in old times, and as it exists now. Very recently, Mr. Walcott delivered a lecture on the Conventional Arrangement of Battle Abbey before the Royal Institute of British Architects. It appears that the lecturer took very different views from those which have hitherto been promulgated by antiquaries and topographers. Mr. Ticehurst, bookseller, of Battle, will publish the new work. In July the British Archaeological Association will visit the Abbey.

Concerning "The Gospel of Peace," the fourth and last part of which is announced for immediate publication by a New York firm, the *Round Table* says that it is probably the greatest literary success of its kind ever achieved. "On an average, within a fraction of 45,000 copies of each book have been sold, making the sale of the three books nearly 135,000 copies, and the publishers continue to receive orders for it. We are informed that this strange political satire, which made such an impression on the public mind during the rebellion, and which, in spite of its local character, was reprinted in England, was begun as a mere squib to be sent to some newspaper; that the author found it expand under his hand, and, on the completion of the first book, sought, through a friend, a publisher for his bantling, but in vain." He then published it himself, with the success just mentioned.

More rumours are in circulation about "Ecce Homo," and it is confidently asserted by some well-informed persons that the bulk of the book is only a reprint of an older work issued under a somewhat different title. A foreign journal is of opinion that "the author of

'Ecce Homo' is no tyro in literature, no Buckle or Leckey, but an English statesman, who brings a highly disciplined and richly-furnished mind to his task. There is much that would indicate the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to be the author; certainly it shows the marks of a mind no smaller or less cultured."

Gustave Doré has yet another classic in hand—this time one for which his pencil will in some respects be adapted. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," with illustrations by Doré, will, we hear, be issued next autumn by a London publishing firm.

Readers of the "Variety" column in weekly newspapers will have often encountered the name of "Josh. Billings." The opinions of this worthy upon almost every conceivable topic—love, shirt-buttons, education, soap, fashionable preachers, babies, and umbrellas—have been read far and wide. His humour is drier and less noisy than the fun of "Artemus Ward;" indeed, many persons will prefer the quiet sayings and comicalities of "Josh. Billings" to the eccentricities of the "delicious Artemus," as Charles Reade styles the latter. Mr. Billings—Shaw, we believe, is his real name—has at length determined to gather up his drolleries and waggerys into a volume, and this he proposes issuing forthwith under the title of "Josh. Billings; his Book," in a form adapted for railway and summer reading. Mr. HOTTEN will publish the work in the same style as "Artemus Ward," which met with so much success last year.

The *Galaxy* is the title of a new American Magazine, produced in a style very similar to *London Society*, but at a rather less price. The contents of No. I. are:—"The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope, with illustrations; "Giants, Dwarfs, and Fairies," a very amusing article compiled from Mr. Robert Hunt's recent work, "The Romances and Drolls of Old Cornwall;" "Childe Harold;" "A Chapter from a Noble Life;" "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards; "Spring;" "A Winter with American Peripatetics;" "John Ryland's Wife," &c. The illustrations, on toned paper, have been taken from casts of those given in our London Magazines, avoiding the trouble and delay consequent upon producing original wood engravings.

Very recently, at the sale of the collections of a well-known seeker of curiosities in Paris, M. Le Carpenter, a cherry-stone, on which were carved the incidents of an Indian battle, realized nearly £40. It was the late owner's boast that at the last Paris Exhibition this cherry-stone attracted greater crowds than all M. Rothschild's valuables.

The small volumes of selections from the works of foreign poets which Sir John Bowring has issued to the world from time to time, are about to be increased by the Life of Petöfi, the Magyar poet and hero, with selections translated from his works in poetry and prose.

"Ti-ping Tien-Kwoh, or the History of the Ti-ping Revolution, including his own Adventures, by an English Ti-ping," is the title of a new work announced shortly to appear from the house of DAY & SON. The book is said to be written in accordance with instructions from the Ti-ping authorities. It will contain the personal adventures and practical experiences of the author during four years' service and intercourse with the Ti-pings in China; besides which it will include "a Complete History of the Revolution, its Christian, Political, Military, and Social Organization; a full description of its extraordinary Leader, Hung-sin-tsnuen, and his principal Chiefs; the Rise, Progress, and Present Circumstances of the Movement; together with its bearing and influence upon the welfare of the 360,000,000 inhabitants of China, and the general interests of Great Britain."

The "Oratorical Year Book for 1865, a Collection of the best contemporary Speeches delivered in Parliament, at the Bar, and on the Platform," is the title of a new work announced by Messrs. WARNE & CO. The editor is Dr. Alsager Hay Hill.

A volume of miscellaneous poems by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne is in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. MOXON & CO.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper is about to issue a small edition of his "Proverbial Philosophy," to be termed the "Bijou Edition." It will be dedicated, by permission, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Loraine Baldwin's "Laws of Short Whist, with a Treatise on the same, by J. C[lay, M.P. for Hull]," has just been reprinted by Messrs. LEYPOLENT & HOLT, of New York. It is understood that this little manual is already looked upon as the great authority by American whist-players.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & CO. have in the press, "The Cambridge Shakespeare," Vol. IX., which will complete the work.

Mr. STRAHAN will shortly publish—"Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby, 1 vol., demy 8vo., richly illustrated; "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., sen., crown 8vo.; "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, D.D., one of her Majesty's Chaplains; "Days of Yore," by Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," 2 vols., post 8vo.; "Thoughts and Opinions," by Matthew Brown, sm. crown 8vo.; "Lives of Indian Officers," by John W. Kaye, author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," 2 vols., demy 8vo.; "Dr. Austin's Guests," by William Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c., 2 vols.; "Wealth and Warfare," by Jeremiah Gotthelf, 2 vols.; "Essays," by Dora Greenwell, author of the "Patience of Hope;" "Biographical Studies," by Bessie Rayner Parkes, author of "Essays on Woman's Work," crown 8vo.; "The Higher Education of Woman," by Emily Davies, small 8vo.; "London Poems," by Robert Buchanan, author of "Undertones" and "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," 8vo.; "Master and Scholar, and other Poems," by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A., Professor of Divinity, King's College; "The Reign of Law," essays by the Duke of Argyll, post 8vo.; and "The Philosophy of the Conditioned"—Sir William Hamilton and John Stuart Mill, reprinted, with additions, from the *Contemporary Review*, by the Rev. Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D., Waynflete Professor of Philosophy, Oxford, demy 8vo.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Aguilar (E.), Little Book about Learning the Piano-forte. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Aesop's Fables, by Croxall. New Edition, by Rev. J. Townsend. Fcap., 5s.  
 Against the Stream, by G. Hatton. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Argosy (The), Vol. 1, 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Barclay (A. W.), on Gout and Rheumatism in Disease of the Heart. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Black's Guide to Warwickshire. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 —— the English Lakes. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 —— Brighton. Fcap., 1s.  
 —— Where shall We Go? New edit. 16mo., 3s.  
 Blackleg (W. L.) & Friedlander (C. W.), German Dictionary. Cr. 8vo., 14s.  
 Butler (W. Archer), Sermons. 1st Series. New edit. 8vo. 8s.  
 —— Ditto, 2nd Series. 8th edit. 8vo., 7s.  
 Collier (W. L.), English Grammar. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Combermere (Visct.), Memoirs and Correspondence of. 2 vols. 8vo., 30s.  
 Cooper (J. F.), Pioneers. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Crail (H.), Diary and Letters of, by W. E. Taylor. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Crawford (F. G.), The Fatherhood of God. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 D'Aubigné (J. H. W.), Reformation in Europe in the time of Calvin. Vol. 4, 8vo., 16s.  
 Dickens (C.), Sketches by Boz. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.  
 Engelhardt (G.), Denmark in the Early Iron Age. 4to., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Ferrette (Rev. J.), The Eastern Liturgy Translated. 32mo., 2s. 6d.  
 —— The Damascus Ritual. 32mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Free Thoughts on many Subjects, by a Manchester Man. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 15s.  
 Gill (T. H.), The Papal Drama: an Essay. 8vo., 12s.  
 Glimpse (A.) of Oriental Nature. Oblong, £1. 1s.  
 Heber (Bishop), Hymns. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Hetherington (H.), The Sure Mercies of David. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Hill (A. H.), Oratorical Year Book, 1865. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Hitchcock (E.), Religion of Geology. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 International Policy: Essays. 8vo., 16s.  
 Jones (T. W.), Defects of Sight and Hearing. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Le Fanu (J. S.), All in the Dark. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Lent, Sermons Preached at Oxford, 1866. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 London Society. Vol. IX. 8vo., 9s. 6d.  
 Marryat (Captain), Monsieur Violet. Fcap., 1s.  
 Moore (Rev. W. B.), Six Sisters of the Valleys. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Müller (Max), Sanscrit Grammar for Beginners. Royal 8vo., 15s.  
 Otley (H.), Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Royal 8vo., 12s.  
 Our Curate's Budget. Vol. III. Fcap., 2s.  
 Pennell (H. C.), Fishing Gossip. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
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 Railway Library.—The Phantom Regiment, by J. Grant. Fcap., 2s.  
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 Smith, Elder, & Co's Shilling Series.—An Old Debt. Fcap., 1s.  
 Stuart (B.), How to become a Successful Engineer. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Ti-ping-Tien-Kwoh: the History of the Ti-ping Revolution in China. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. £1. 12s.  
 Todhunter (I.), Algebra. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 —— Analytical Statistics. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
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 Yates (E.), Kissing the Rod. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.

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## ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S-PARK.

SECOND EXHIBITION OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT will take place on Wednesday next, June 6th. Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens, and of the Society's Clerk, Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, by vouchers from Fellows of the Society, price 5s., or on the day of Exhibition, 7s. 6d. each. Gates open at 2 o'clock. Bands will play from 2 till 7 o'clock.

## ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S-PARK.

AMERICAN PLANTS. THE EXHIBITION of John Waterer's American Plants will take place on Mondays, June 4th and 11th. Gates open at 2 o'clock. The Band will play from ½ past 2 till ½ past 6. Tickets to be had at the Gardens, or of the Society's Clerk, Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, price 2s. 6d. each.

## HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE—

"The FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE"—is now on view at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall. Admission One Shilling (admitting also to French Exhibition). Open from 10 to 6.

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